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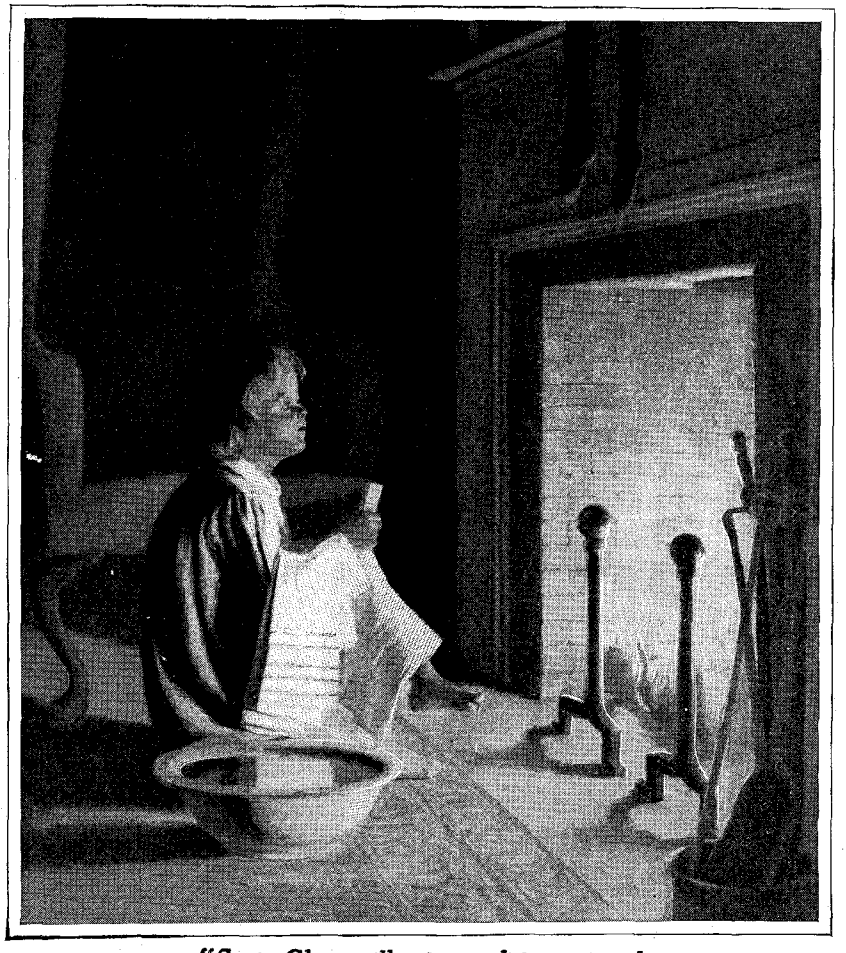

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The Outlook

NOVEMBER 26, 1910

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

The cover of this number was designed by Mr. Edward Edwards, who has taken his idea from the famous Monogram Page of the Book of Kells, which is called "the most beautiful book in the world." The Greek letters χρι stand for the name Christos, and were used in Latin texts of the Gospels by Celtic scribes. The book is preserved in Trinity College in Dublin, together with the "Books of Durrow and Armagh" and the Irish harp of Brian Boru.

THE BRITISH POLITICAL SITUATION

The political situation in Great Britain grows more interesting as the crisis approaches. Both sides are skirmishing for position. Lord Lansdowne, the Conservative leader in the House of Lords, has forced the hands of the Ministry by compelling them to submit what is known as the Parliamental Bill to the House of Lords. Lord Lansdowne, in advocating his resolution inviting the Government to submit the bill, declared that if the present situation continued it would throw the finances of the country into confusion; that the Government had concentrated its energies on the question of the powers of the House of Lords, while the Unionists had concentrated their energies on the question of the composition of the House of Lords, and that he and his friends were ready to support Lord Rosebery on that question. The Earl of Crewe, the Government leader in the House of Lords, said that the request of Lord Lansdowne was a reasonable one; and the Parliamental Bill was read at the conclusion of the debate on the resolution. The Unionists interpret this piece of Parliamentary tactics as an important point gained in the controversy; but the success would seem to be only formal. Each party is charging the other with an endeavor to bring the King into politics; and the impression prevails that the Premier has endeavored to extract a promise from the King that, in case of an election and a Liberal majority in the House of Commons, a sufficient number of Liberal peers would be created to insure a Liberal majority in that house also. This, it is understood, the King has refused to do. The Irish party constitute a very important element in the situation. They have demanded such a modification of the power of the House of Lords as to make the passage of a Home Rule bill possible. Meanwhile the House of Lords has made its contribution to the constitutional discussion by the adoption of a set of resolutions introduced by Lord Rosebery and based upon his resolutions offered last March. These resolutions provide in brief that the House of Lords shall consist of Lords of Parliament chosen by the whole body of hereditary peers, of members nominated by the Crown, of members by virtue of certain high offices in the State, and of a certain number of the members to be chosen from outside. Lord Rosebery declared his conviction that it would be possible to reform the upper house, to solve the constitutional problem, and to maintain the ancient Constitution without the disturbance of a general election; and that in case of a disagreement between the two houses, so constituted, the dispute should be settled by joint conference. There could be, he said, no choice in the country between a reformed House of Lords and the tyranny of a single chamber. These resolutions were passed without serious opposition,

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Lord Curzon expressing the conviction of a great number of peers when he said: "We want to place this chamber on a democratic basis." Mr. Balfour, speaking at a great political meeting at Nottingham, declared that the tariff reform is still the foremost plank; adding that a second chamber was indispensable, but that the hereditary qualification for membership in it must go; that it should be reduced in numbers, and that it should include persons qualified by distinguished public service as well as a section elected by the peers; and that half the chamber should be appointed by external machinery, elective or otherwise. On Friday of last week the situation culminated when Mr. Asquith, in the House of Commons, announced the intention of the Government to pass the essential features of the Budget, namely, the income tax, tea duty, and sinking fund provisions; to remove the pauper disqualification for old age pensions, and to dissolve Parliament on November 28, should the House of Lords in the meantime reject the veto bill. Mr. Balfour denounced this programme as "unprecedented and unconstitutional."

MEXICANS AND AMERICANS

The anti-American demonstrations which have lately taken place in Mexico are less important in themselves than in what they indicate. The facts were at first grossly exaggerated. Briefly stated, they are these: A man of Mexican descent, but an American citizen, committed an infamous crime in American territory, and, in pursuance of the equally infamous and barbarous practice which has had too many examples in the Southern States, was burned at the stake by a mob in the Texan town of Rock City. Naturally the knowledge of this fact excited resentment and keen anger in Mexico. Back of the incident of the burning of Rodriguez there had already existed in Mexico a feeling of bitter indignation caused by magazine articles printed in the United States and republished in Mexican papers or read there in their original form. It is not our purpose now to inquire into the justice or injustice of the accusations made against Mexico in such articles. Very probably there is a considerable basis of truth in the allegations made. But the manner and method of the articles could not but be offensive and irritating to Mexican citizens. Still further, there existed the racial feeling which is always to be found between the European or American in a foreign country and the people of mixed blood or different race whom he is inclined to regard and treat as his inferiors. All these causes combined to excite the Mexican populace. A great student demonstration resulted in a mob which broke windows in buildings occupied by Americans, made an attack on the office of a newspaper printed in English and supposed to be favorable to Americans, attacked a street car containing Americans, and in other ways showed hostility. There was some loose talk about an incursion into Texan territory by a band of Mexican horsemen and the probability of an ensuing contest with bands of Texan cowboys; but no such folly was committed, and the Mexican authorities soon repressed the assaults and insults to Americans and the American flag. The deplorable thing about the whole incident is that it gives proof of an underlying feeling of antagonism between the peoples of two countries which have much in common, which are next-door neighbors territorially, and which should go hand in hand in the advancement of civilization, progress, and prosperity. Happily there is another side to this matter, and there are good reasons to believe that co-operation for mutual advantage, together with amity of sentiment and feeling, is gaining ground between the citizens of the two countries in many ways. Next week The Outlook will print an article on this very topic, under the title "Mexicans and Americans," written by Mr. Wallace Gillpatrick, who has studied the situation very recently in Mexico itself.

THE CUNNINGHAM CLAIMS

Two plans are proposed to get rid of the curious muddle in which the case of the Cunningham claimants to certain extensive coal lands in Alaska is involved. The muddle grows out of the fact that it is the official duty of the Secretary of the Interior to determine, as an administrative act, whether, in case of any land claim, the law has been complied with and the

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claimant is entitled to a patent, and he feels himself unable to act in this case because he acted as the legal adviser of the Cunningham claimants in the interim between his being Land Commissioner and his becoming Secretary of the Interior. He therefore at first proposed to leave the question to be decided by his subordinate. But any decision of his subordinate to be legal must have his approval, and would be subject to whatever suspicion might attach to his own decision. It was next proposed to leave the adjudication to the President, and the President, replying to a request from Mr. Pinchot, has given the latter permission to file a brief in the case, and has indicated his intention to take the matter up himself. It is evident, however, that such detail of administrative work ought not to be laid upon the President. If he trusts to his subordinate to sift out the evidence and give him a summary of the facts and a brief of the law, he will be trusting to a Department which, by the very fact that its head has refused to act as principal in the case, has discredited the ability of the Department to act as adviser. If, on the other hand, the President undertakes to deal with the matter *de novo*, as a judge would do, he is required to give to a specific case an amount of undivided attention which cannot be given to it without sacrifice either of other duties or of his own strength. As an alternative the Secretary of the Interior now proposes that Congress shall, by special legislation, refer the Cunningham claims to judicial decision by the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia. The question whether the Land Office, in passing on land claims, is not exercising a judicial function which should by general legislation be taken from that office and given to the courts, is a large one, and is perhaps deserving of serious consideration. On that question we here express no opinion. But to take by special legislation from a Cabinet officer one of his accredited functions in a specific case, on the ground that he is under suspicion of being for any reason unfitted to exercise it, and devolve that function upon a special court selected for that purpose by the Cabinet official who is deprived of his function, appears to us an extraordinary proposal; we do not see how Congress can seriously entertain it. If the Department of the Interior cannot be depended on to safeguard the interests of the people in deciding the Cunningham claims, how can it be depended on to defend those interests before an independent tribunal? Such a tribunal must try the case on the record; what assurance have the people that the record is made up with an eye single to their interests, that all available evidence for the people has been obtained, that the witnesses for the claimants have been adequately cross-examined—what assurance, in brief, that the Department has given to the defense of the people's interest all the energy and enthusiasm in their behalf which we may be sure has been given to the interests of the claimants? The initial mistake was made when Mr. Ballinger, knowing his previous connection with the Cunningham claimants, accepted appointment as head of the Department before which these claims were being prosecuted. The only real remedy is for him to correct that initial misitake by resigning the office, on the simple ground that he finds himself incapacitated by the circumstances from discharging all the duties of the office, so that a new Secretary of the Interior may be appointed who will have no embarrassment in giving himself with singleness of purpose to the interests of his clients, the people.

CONSERVATION IN MINNESOTA

The Hon. Julius A. Schmahl, Secretary of State in the Minnesota State Government, has recently called attention to a phase in the history of Minnesota which deserves wide chronicling and commendation. It is certainly in striking contrast with the history of the neighboring States of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa. Those States received, as did Minnesota, large land grants from Congress for the maintenance of schools and for the support of a State University. But Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa sold their lands outright for a small sum per acre, retaining neither the timber on them nor the mineral in them. Michigan, for instance, has sold substantially all the land which it secured from Congress, and has a school fund of something over four million dollars, together with a university and agri-

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cultural fund of a little over fifteen hundred thousand dollars. Similar conditions have obtained in Wisconsin and Iowa. Minnesota, on the other hand, provided a system of different economy. At a time when Government lands were on the market at $1.25 an acre Governor Ramsey and his group of early lawmakers placed a minimum of $5 an acre upon their school lands sold for purely farming purposes. But this was not all. The timber on the school lands was sold to the highest bidder, and not until it had been sold could the land be offered for farming purposes. In the third place, where the State was found to be the owner in fee of large areas of mineral lands, they were leased for mining purposes at a minimum rate of twenty-five cents a ton, the State reserving to itself all minerals on its lands. With the discovery of unexpectedly vast deposits, the future of the Minnesota school fund is assured, even beyond the present unprecedented figures —unprecedented, for Minnesota claims the largest school and university fund of any separate political organization in the world. Its school fund now amounts to nearly twenty-two million dollars, and the State still owns approximately three million dollars' worth of land. That this immense fund will be further increased may be gathered from the fact that to-day there are nearly a thousand forty-acre tracts of land under mineral contracts in the iron-bearing districts. From these the State should receive an average of a million tons for every forty-acre tract, or a total of a billion tons. At the royalty price of twenty-five cents a ton, those would produce the sum of $250,000,000. The boys and girls of Minnesota may well be proud of the wonderful opportunities provided for their welfare, provisions due to the foresight of Governor Ramsey and his associates, who thus began the practical conservation of natural resources a long time ago.

THE PANAMA CANAL

President Taft's fifth journey to Panama calls renewed attention to conditions on the Isthmus. His impressions of progress there are entirely favorable. The completion of the work depends principally on the serious problem of the Culebra Cut. Extensive slides have occurred on the side of this excavation, and more of them may be expected. Because of this apprehension retaining walls may be constructed in the Cut. Concerning this and other questions, there is interesting testimony from the one hundred and twenty-four members and guests of the American Institute of Mining Engineers who have just returned from an inspection of the Panama Canal. The consensus of their reports is that the present plan of work is not only practical but the best possible under the conditions imposed. While, by the choice of a higher level, some of the difficulties and uncertainties in the Culebra Cut could perhaps have been minimized, a higher level has its disadvantages also. As to a canal at a lower level than the present, and especially at sea-level, Mr. Taft says that it "would lengthen the time of construction to such an extent as to weary the patience of the American people, make the cost prohibitive, and leave doubtful the question whether, with the difficulty of the Chagres River, such a canal would be possible." To this the engineers add that no one can guarantee the cost or even the satisfactory completion of a sea-level canal, and point out its liability to certain disturbances from which the lock canal is claimed to be comparatively free. As to dealing with the floods of the Chagres and other streams, the engineers are of the opinion that the creation of the great Gatun Lake by means of the Gatun Dam seems the best possible way; they add that the location of the dam, spillway, and locks is singularly favorable for such construction. Mr. Taft asserts that "the Gatun Dam and locks, with the lake now eighteen feet deep and slowly rising to a depth of eighty-five feet, is the key of the whole plan." The engineers are also unanimous in their praise of the manner in which sanitation and transportation and construction have been performed with a maximum of rapidity, skill, and economy. They declare that a spirit of loyal emulation, industry, and pride seems to animate officers and employees alike. This is a difficult spirit to arouse among workers in tropical climates. According to the engineers, the spirit is due to two causes: (1) the inspiring example of Colonel Goethals and his associates; and (2) the splendid work of the Sanitation Department under

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Colonel Gorgas. Although politically outside of the Canal Zone, the cities of Panama and Colon have shared in the benefits of the Sanitary Administration and now reflect an unwonted cleanliness and safety. The opinion both of President Taft and of the engineers is that the Canal will be completed by the date set for it, namely, January 1, 1915, and even earlier, provided Colonel Goethals and his associates receive the hearty support of the American people and their representatives in Congress. The waterway, so Colonel Goethals is reported to have said, will be ready for the experimental passage of ships a year before its definite completion and opening. But he sensibly insists that, before the Canal is opened to the world's commerce, a year should be devoted to testing purposes.

THE SUPREME COURT ON TECHNICAL OBJECTIONS

The Supreme Court of the United States has rendered an opinion which The Outlook regards as of great value, not in itself, but in the example which it sets to courts, State and Federal, throughout the country. As our readers know, The Outlook has regarded as a serious defect in American jurisprudence the tendency of American courts to reverse decisions upon purely technical points. This tendency has been especially seen in criminal trials. To give the accused every possible advantage has been almost an American passion; the necessity of giving the community adequate protection has been almost forgotten. James H. Holt, who shot a man in the barracks at Fort Worden and was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for life, appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States on various technical grounds: infelicity in the phraseology of the indictment; the claim that incompetent evidence was admitted before the Grand Jury; the refusal of the court to exclude from the jury a man who had read the newspapers, who had no opinion other than that derived from the papers, but who believed that he could try the case solely upon the evidence, fairly and impartially; the allowing of the jury to be present during the argument of a legal question before the court; remarks made by the prosecuting attorney in his opening address; permission to the jury to separate during the trial; an opportunity for them to read the daily papers pending the trial; evidence that the prisoner was required, in preliminary proceedings, to put on a blouse in order to aid a witness to identify him. These objections were all overruled by the Court as technical objections that did not get to the merits of the case. Perhaps still more important was the Supreme Court's approval of the definition of a "reasonable doubt," given by the trial judge: "A reasonable doubt is an actual doubt that you are conscious of after going over in your minds the entire case, giving consideration to all the testimony and every part of it. If you then feel uncertain and not fully convinced that the defendant is guilty, and believe that you are acting in a reasonable manner, and if you believe that a reasonable man in any matter of like importance would hesitate to act because of such a doubt as you are conscious of having, that is a reasonable doubt, of which the defendant is entitled to have the benefit." We hope that this decision indicates and foreshadows a general adoption throughout the country of what we believe to be the spirit of the English criminal law, that when a man is once convicted of a crime, the conviction is not to be set aside except for grounds which lead the appellate court to doubt the substantial justice of the conviction.

THE GRANDFATHER CLAUSE IN OKLAHOMA

In Oklahoma the State Court has declared the famous Grandfather Clause constitutional; in Maryland the Federal Court has declared it unconstitutional. The Oklahoma Enabling Act declares that the State Constitution "shall make no distinction of political rights on account of race or color, and shall not be repugnant to the Constitution of the United States." The Grandfather Clause was adopted last August as a Constitutional amendment. It imposes an educational test on all negroes whose grandfathers were slaves and on all naturalized citizens from countries where they did not have the right to ballot. The test is the ability to read and write a section of

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the Constitution. The State Supreme Court recently decided that this provision was Constitutional, and the Federal Circuit Court now holds that it has no jurisdiction to grant relief. Hence the Federal Court dismissed the test application of an aged negro and former slave who had asked a writ of injunction that would permit him and other negroes to vote in the November 8th election. The amendment practically disfranchises about thirty thousand negroes. Some of them claimed that they were not afraid of the educational test, but were afraid that it would be applied so as to defraud them of their vote by trickery or lawlessness. On the other hand, some of the whites were afraid of negro lawlessness, especially since one of the county sheriffs had advised the negroes to go to the polls with their guns and force the election officers to permit them to vote whether they could qualify or not. As lawlessness was thus feared on either side, Governor Haskell issued a proclamation declaring that the State militia was under arms, ready to respond at a moment's notice, in case of trouble. Armed negroes ousted election officers at Fussy Creek, Oklahoma, in Waggoner County, on election day and took charge of the election. At Guthrie, however, the presence of armed men stopped further demonstration there.

THE GRANDFATHER CLAUSE IN MARYLAND

In Maryland, on the other hand, the Grandfather Clause was declared unconstitutional. This particular form of Grandfather Clause is the third with which Maryland has experimented. The first and second were drawn to exclude a certain class of naturalized citizens. The third, cunningly drawn to apply to municipal elections only, appeared in the form of a law passed by the Legislature in 1908 to apply in the municipality of Annapolis; and hence is known as the "Annapolis Law." The act declared that, in order to be accepted by the registers of election, a voter must have had the right to vote prior to January 1, 1868, or must prove descent from persons having enjoyed that right. *As before 1868 only white persons could vote in Maryland*, the restriction was necessarily based on race and color, and negroes were practically barred from voting at local elections. Three negroes brought suit in the Federal Circuit Court for damages against the registers who refused to enroll them. The negroes alleged that they had been registered since they were twenty-one years of age, and that they were denied registration solely because they were negroes. Counsel for the registers contended that, as the law applied only to municipal elections, the Federal Court had no jurisdiction; and that, as the registers were not actuated by malice but simply carried out the law which they had sworn to enforce, they were not liable. The Court overruled the demurrer because, primarily, the subject matter dealt with by the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution was the right of suffrage to be protected against any restrictive legislation by the States, and that when the Amendment declares that "the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude," it meant what Congress understood it to mean, namely, the right "to vote at any election by the people of any State, Territory, district, county, city, parish, township, school district, municipality, or other territorial subdivision . . . any constitution, law, custom, usage, or regulation of any State or Territory . . . to the contrary notwithstanding." And Congress, by its Act of 1871, further enacted that "every person who, under color of any statute, ordinance, regulation, custom, or usage of any State or Territory, subjects or causes to be subjected any citizen of the United States . . . to the deprivation of any rights, privileges, or immunities secured by the Constitution and laws, shall be liable to the party injured." Hence, under the law giving to the Circuit Courts original jurisdiction, Judge Morris, in his decision, holds that "the law forbidding the deprivation or abridgment of the right to vote on account of race or color, being the supreme law, any State law commanding such deprivation and abridgment is nugatory and not to be obeyed by any one." Furthermore, it is not necessary to prove malice, for the law's intent was plainly to disfranchise negroes, and he holds that, in

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enforcing its discriminating provisions, the registers were doing, and intended to do, an act forbidden by the supreme law of the land. This is the first time that any Federal Court has passed upon a restriction patently intended to deprive the negro of his vote, by the imposition of the Grandfather Clause. An appeal is to be taken to the Supreme Court. If that Court affirms Judge Morris's decision, will it wipe out the Grandfather Clauses in the Constitutions of States further South? Not necessarily. For those States have imposed the Grandfather Clause either as a temporary device or by selecting tests which do not follow race or color. As Judge Morris says, there are restrictions of the right of voting which might, in fact, operate to exclude all colored men and which are not open to the objection of discriminating on account of race or color. For instance, either an educational or a property qualification might result, in some localities, in all colored men being excluded. What is needed in every State is a suffrage law applying equally to white and colored citizens.

THE HARVESTS

The harvests of 1910 have now been practically completed, and we learn with satisfaction that the results much exceed the expectations formed during the growing period. From preliminary estimates, it appears that the aggregate production of crops in 1910 has been nearly eight per cent greater than the crops of 1909, and over nine per cent greater than the average annual production of the preceding five years. In the list of crops, the most important as regards quantity is that of corn; the Department's report would indicate that, while for 1909 the yield per acre was twenty-five and a half bushels, the yield for 1910 is almost two bushels more per acre, while the quality is about three per cent higher than the average for the past decade. Whatever damage has been suffered by our own crops has been due to deficient or excessive moisture, to floods, hail, hot winds, storms, frost, or winterkill. While these climatic causes have been more important than plant diseases, insect and animal pests, the latter have had a too serious influence, although, owing to the successful warfare waged by the Department of Agriculture, the damage is far less than it otherwise would be. A principal pest has been the Mexican cotton-boll weevil. In 1904 its depredations in Texas indicated that, in time, it would invade all of the cotton-producing States. It now covers a large portion of Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, and Mississippi. The emergency appropriation voted by Congress in 1904 has been continued each year since, thus affording opportunity for the work undertaken by the Department of Agriculture, a chief element in which has been the Department's demonstration of the possibility of improved methods of agriculture in the weevil-infested districts. It has been shown that a good crop of cotton can be raised in the worst-infested districts, provided the rains are not too continuous. The favorable conditions in the United States have also been reflected in other countries of the Northern Hemisphere. In the Southern Hemisphere other conditions, of course, obtain: corn planting is now in progress there, and the winter cereals are in the stages of vegetation characteristic of the latter half of spring. In the two principal wheat-producing countries of the Southern Hemisphere, Argentina and Australia, the outlook is exceptionally propitious. It will be interesting to note whether this increased acreage, together with that in North America, will lower prices.

SAVING THE LIVES OF BABIES

"Being a baby must be classified as an extra-hazardous occupation." This legend, crowning the entrance to McCoy Hall at Johns Hopkins University, where the American Association for Study and Prevention of Infant Mortality recently held its first annual meeting, explained the reason why a National organization has been formed to combat death among infants. Dr. Cressy L. Wilbur, chief statistician of the United States Census Bureau, after deploring the fact that vital statistics have been so grossly neglected in America that our published birth and death rates are not accepted as authentic in any European country, said that in the registration area, which in 1909 included 55.3 per cent of

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our total population, no less than 140,057 infants under one year of age died last year; and Professor Irving Fisher, of the National Conservation Commission, presented carefully considered estimates showing that at least one-half of these deaths might have been prevented by reasonable precautions. On this basis, it is probable that America loses annually upwards of one hundred and fifty thousand children through carelessness. The one point upon which there was absolute agreement in the Convention, and which nearly every speaker emphasized, was that the controlling factor in the health of infants is right feeding, and that the only entirely safe food is mother's milk. This theme was interestingly sounded in the first address of the Convention, which was appropriately delivered by his Excellency M. Jusserand, French Ambassador to the United States, to whose fellow-countrymen we owe the best methods of combating infant mortality. M. Jusserand told how France is encouraging breast-feeding, and of the remarkably satisfactory results that have attended her efforts. First Paris, he said, and then the provinces, had organized classes for the instruction of mothers, and had opened restaurants through which proper food is supplied, free of cost, to nursing mothers, "thus feeding the mother and the baby at one blow." These restaurants and mothers' classes have worked a revolution from the time when the man of ninety had a better chance for a week's life than the baby of one day, to the condition of the past six months, when for the first time in decades French births exceeded deaths by 21,000. Dr. Abraham Jacobi, of New York, gave statistics showing that industrial conditions in our manufacturing communities are largely responsible for our unnecessarily high infant mortality. "Women working at home," he said, "are worse off even than their sisters in the factory. Their constant treadling of the machine undermines their health; seamstresses develop anæmia, tuberculosis, pelvic diseases. Cigar-makers who work at home develop consumption to the extent of ninety per cent. Such women, living in dirty dwellings, without air or light, bear children that are starved before they are born, infected with hereditary disease, and destined either to perish miserably or more miserably to populate asylums, hospitals, protectories, or penitentiaries." The Association did not, however, dwell upon this distressing picture. It set itself resolutely to make general, through education, those hygienic practices which experience has shown can largely contribute to the saving of infant life. The establishment of a National Department of Health was strongly advocated, not only as the most effective instrument for the regulation of inter-State traffic in milk, proprietary foods, and medicines, but also for the dissemination throughout the country of knowledge of the causes of infant mortality and methods of prevention. As an essential basis for such a National campaign of education, the Association expressed its hearty approval of the efforts of the Bureau of the Census to secure the adoption by the various States of a uniform law compelling the registration of births and deaths, and providing for the prosecution of physicians and midwives who violate such laws. Because healthy, intelligent parenthood is the foundation of healthy infancy, a resolution was passed urging upon boards that have the power to license teachers for public schools to give as detailed tests in hygiene, sanitation, biology, and sex physiology as are given in mathematics and language. And, finally, the Association took steps to co-operate with State boards of health and education in establishing classes for mothers in rural schools, and home instruction of mothers and expectant mothers by itinerant nurses.

THE BOSTON PAGEANT

Boston achieved a threefold success in its first pageant, held a week ago; for the occasion offered a stimulating experience to all (more than twelve hundred in number) who took part in it, an impressive spectacle to the thousands who witnessed it, and was a distinct financial success in the bargain. Though its initial cost was $10,000, this was more than met by the box-office receipts! For all of which "Boston 1915," which fathered the enterprise, has our sincere congratulations. The primary aim of the pageant was to stimulate municipal pride by enacting once

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again the great scenes which have made New England what it is. The episodes treated were, however, chosen with a fine eye for what should be really beautiful, and were not merely local in interest. Thus, instead of the "Tea Party," we had a poetic rehearsal of Governor Wentworth's marriage to Martha Hilton, for which the guests arrived in a stage-coach, on horseback, and in sedan-chairs; and instead of the trial of Anne Hutchinson, a typical husking-bee, with its challenge of the "red ear;" also there were reproductions of singing schools, quilting parties, and of that historic spinning contest on Boston Common of which most of those present had never before heard, because there were in it none of the "red-fire" attributes we have come to regard as a necessary part of history. The thing, indeed, which made this pageant uniquely interesting was its emphasis of the social phases of a city's or people's life. The cave-man making his fire with flints and stones; the Indians (real ones) teaching their little sons to shoot and their older boys to set up the wigwam; the Pilgrims building their block-houses, and later on being summoned by the town crier to try a culprit, who is then placed in the stocks for punishment—these were the aspects of history which this unique festival chiefly brought out. It was as if the pageant director, Miss Lotta Clark, herself a very inspiring teacher of history in a Boston public high school, were saying to the vast concourse of pupils of all ages and from every kind of background there assembled: "Real history is the every-day life of a people; see, is it not interesting?" On the opening night of the pageant the mayors of all the large New England cities were present as guests, it being the hope of those behind the Boston undertaking that their success will stimulate similar exhibitions in other localities. No better means than a pageant has ever been devised of arousing public interest in every inhabitant of a community, and of enlisting large numbers to enthusiastic co-operation in civic uplift. For the best part of a pageant is its preliminary work, the devoted rehearsing together for many weeks of large numbers of people who, through this means, discover talents they have never before known as theirs, and develop a splendid enthusiasm for the town or city in which they live. Artists volunteer to paint scenery, musicians are inspired to write symphonic poems, and nearly every one discovers, unexpectedly, that he or she can dance. Such, at any rate, has been the case wherever Mr. Louis Parker has produced pageants in England; such was the case in Peterborough, New Hampshire, last summer; and the amount of unselfish, devoted talent which sprang up in response to Boston's need certainly bodes well for the City Beautiful of the future.

A CONFERENCE ON VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE

A National Conference on Vocational Guidance, the first in the world's history, has just been held in Boston, in the course of which many sane and helpful things were said on the problem of fitting the boy to the job. Vocational education has now passed the stage of propaganda, at least in the Eastern States; but there was a real need that its advocates should settle down to devise ways and means of steering our young people into the vocational schools best fitted for their individual aptitudes. What we must have, as President Eliot pointed out, is the development on a large scale of that admirable plan adopted by Benjamin Franklin's father when he took his son around to the different industries of Boston, that he might see which trade most appealed to him. For without the internal motive of love for the work which is to be one's life career, no man or woman can succeed. Unhappily, as things now stand, the majority of our young people are "pitchforked into industry," to use the reproachful phrase of Charles Booth; and the result is, as Meyer Bloomfield, the organizer of this Conference, pointed out, that not only the old but the young are being "put on the shelf" early in the game. It is our duty, therefore, so to chart the avenues of serviceability, by means of accurate information, social vision, and expert friendship—the three foundation stones in vocational guidance—that all our young people may make the best possible social investment of their lives. That the conservation of the coming generation is, however, the job not

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only of the educator but of the employer as well, was repeatedly urged in the course of the Conference, President Maclaurin, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, declaring that the greatest need of our boys to-day is the sympathetic advice of high-minded business men. In this Frederick P. Fish, of the American Telephone Company, earnestly concurred, while Dr. Felix Adler suggested that even those of us who are already out in the world need enormously to understand the professional view-point of other men's vocations. Professor Zueblin pleaded for teaching that shall address the child in the terms of his aptitudes. "As things are now, we educate the hypothetical boy and girl," he said. "Why not get at this vocational business sooner, adapting the school curriculum to the different types of children, so that we shall no longer turn out into the world each spring an army of fifteen-year-old misfits?" The Conference was held for the most part in the Boston Chamber of Commerce. Similar bodies in thirty-two cities sent delegates, and at the opening meeting Bernard J. Rothwell, President of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, presided. This co-operation between educators, social workers, and successful business men in the interests of social efficiency for the rising generation is perhaps the most significant and encouraging result of the whole vocation movement up to date.

THE WORK OF THE MUNICIPAL ART SOCIETY

The work of the Municipal Art Society of the city of New York certainly deserves chronicling. This work is more diversified than is generally supposed. The Society has done much towards preventing the City Hall from being absorbed by the new Municipal Court building, it has also waged a war against the improper use of city buildings for advertising, has aided in the proper regulation of electric light signs, and has continued its activity in preventing the misuse of subways for advertising. The influence of this latter activity is seen in the fact that the new subway contracts contain provisions restricting the use of the platforms of the stations to newspaper stands. In the domain of decoration, the Society has vigorously taken up the subject of school decoration, and has, in especial, interested the alumni of the high schools in providing more suitable decorations for their buildings. To this end it has instituted in the high schools a series of lectures on municipal art—an entirely new field of enterprise. Thus the virtue of municipal art is brought to the attention of young minds, and the future growth of the cause is more properly and fruitfully provided for. The Society has also influenced the Board of Education towards naming the various schools instead of numbering them as has been the custom. Certainly such names as the "Morris School," the "Stuyvesant," the "De Witt Clinton," and the "Wadleigh School" give a different significance than would the numbers one, two, three, four. The Society has endeavored to influence the children of the public schools towards a higher appreciation of art by obtaining a thousand tickets each for the annual exhibitions held by the National Academy of Design, the New York Water-Color Club, and the Architectural League. Moreover, the Society has energetically furthered the scheme for the development of the Harriman State Park as a camp site for boys' camps and home camps for the people of the poor metropolitan districts. In particular we would note the Society's work in obtaining the erection of two "hero tablets," one on each side of the entrance to the monumental new police headquarters in New York City. In this effort the Society was greatly aided by the enthusiastic support of Police Commissioner Bingham. These large tablets are to contain the names of men who died in the performance of their duty, and are to be dedicated shortly. During the past year the Society's influence has been extended over a wider area than ever before, addresses made by members before other societies and other cities of the State and also in other States. Thus, not only in the metropolitan community, but in the country at large, there has been undertaken the work of showing to citizens the desirability, if not necessity, of an artistically devised city. Municipal art or municipal beauty is the end to be reached. In order to reach the end there must be

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acquired the political means of local control over local development, and the work already attained by the New York Municipal Art Society indicates an arousing of such popular interest as will ultimately grant the means to the end. In the metropolis, as in all other American cities, there is now an unmistakable and gratifying movement towards obtaining greater harmony in both public and private buildings, in streets, squares, and parks.

THE SECONDARY BOYCOTT

A correspondent calls our attention to a position taken in the brief of the counsel of the American Anti-Boycott Association filed in the United States Supreme Court in the Bucks Stove case:

"The sole argument for the right to boycott rests upon the proposition," says the brief, "adopted as true in the opinion of Chief Justice Shepard, that what one man may lawfully do any number of men may lawfully agree or combine to do. But the right of an individual to withhold his custom from persons who deal with 'A' is as unquestionable as his right to withhold his custom from 'A' himself. Within reasonable limits, any person may express disapprobation of an actor in a theater, but a combination of persons to hiss him and to have others do so would be unlawful."

Our correspondent adds: "I have never been able to find any satisfactory answer to Mr. Gompers's contention that if they have a right, as is conceded by the courts generally, to refuse to purchase goods individually or collectively from 'A,' for any reason or for no reason, then they certainly have a right to refuse to purchase from a third party because he deals with 'A,' or because he dines with him, or because he does anything else with him. Certainly those instances come under the head of *for any reason or for no reason.*" The error of our correspondent and of the counsel whom he quotes appears to us to be that both regard the external deed as an act, but in the sight both of the law and good morals the nature of the act is determined not by the external deed merely or mainly but by the motive which inspires it. If a burglar enters a house, and the householder and the burglar shoot at each other, the external deed is the same; but if the burglar kills the householder, it is murder. If the householder kills the burglar, it is not murder. The moral quality determines the nature of the act. If one man stands on the sidewalk, his act his legal; if a thousand men gather on the same sidewalk, their act is illegal because the act is not the same. The one man does not block the way, the thousand men do block the way, and are presumed to intend to do so. If a thousand men leave their employment in order to obtain higher wages, their act is not illegal. It incidentally may injure the employer, but the object is not to injure the employer but to benefit the strikers. If they further agree not to purchase goods of the employer until he takes them back into his employment, this act is also probably not illegal, though we believe that the decisions on this question are not absolutely uniform. It is not illegal because it is regarded as a legitimate act in collective bargaining. It is as legitimate as it would be for an individual to say to his grocer, If you are going to charge me so much for eggs, I will not in the future deal with you; I will go somewhere else. This is a legitimate argument in conducting a bargain. But it is not legitimate to say to him, If you charge me so much for eggs, I will go to all my neighbors and persuade them not to deal with you, by threatening to withdraw my custom from them if they give their custom to you. Such an act would be immoral, if it would not be illegal, and a combination of men to perform such an act is both immoral and illegal, because it is clear that the object of this so-called secondary boycott is purely and simply to produce an injury to the former employer, and furthermore to produce an injury to others with whom the combining workmen have no quarrel and against whom they have no cause of complaint. The act in the case of the secondary boycott is not the same as the act in the case of the primary boycott, because the object or motive is primarily to injure in the one case, and only incidentally and secondarily to injure in the other case. We believe this to be the ground on which the courts have generally drawn the distinction between a primary and a secondary boycott, and it appears to us that this is a rational ground on which to base such a distinction.

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CHRISTMAS IN THE SHOPS

In his early travels there came a day in Nuremberg so full of joy that it made Longfellow the most adequate interpreter of the old town, in which toil and art strove together in friendly rivalry, hand in hand. This beautiful poem The Outlook reprints as a prelude to Christmas—a festival of gladness which has been made a time of exhausting labor. In Nuremberg one feels the constant presence of that survival into mature years of the simple joy, the romantic temper, the happy faith in the fairies of love, which has been one of the most attractive traits of the German character. The toy-shops in Kaiser-Strasse still appeal to the imagination of children by the simplicity of their products; the perfect mechanism of the up-to-date toy, which leaves nothing for the child to do but to wind a spring and which soon turns to dead wood or insensate iron in his hands, has not yet completely subjugated the peasant toy-makers. The toys made by hand during the long winter months in the little houses in the Black Forest make the Schwarzwald toy-shop in Baden-Baden, to one who has not been smitten with old age by too great familiarity with mechanical devices for making children forget time instead of stimulating their inventive faculty, one of the most fascinating shops in the world. The doll that talks, the automobile that vents its impotent rage on the furniture, the air-ship that finds its happiness in getting into the branches of a tree the moment it is let loose, are models of recent inventions, achievements of science in miniature, Lilliputian triumphs of the adult brain; the good old German toys, like the good German *Lebkuchen*, belong, with fairy tales and "Hansel und Gretel," in the kingdom of childhood.

There is no more delightful background for Christmas, with its beautiful religious truth, its generous room for friendship, its happy play with childhood, than the many-gabled houses, the narrow streets, the river lined with century-old homes, the friendly castle, the memories of painters, workers in stone, poets, and humble craftsmen of the Guilds whose banners used to hang in the old churches in ancient Nuremberg. The note of the art of Albrecht Dürer, Hans Sachs, Adam Krafft, Peter Visscher, was its intimate relation with the life of the old town; its fellowship with simple human needs and experiences; its home-like familiarity with use and wont. It is this copartnership of beauty and toil, this fellowship of imagination and hand, which Longfellow has divined and charmingly expressed in a dozen verses descriptive of the

"Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song.

. . . . . .

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of art·
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart."

When the weaver plied his shuttle and the smith swung his hammer, the toil was lightened by the sense of rhythm which is as much a part of the movement of the workman as of the artist. It is this inward grace which, in ages of greater intimacy between the artist and the artisan, made toil significant of moral integrity and spiritual purpose; and Longfellow spoke for the soul of old Nuremberg when from its very streets, "from the pavement's crevice," he read the great truth which it once interpreted to the world:

"The nobility of labor, the long pedigree of toil."

Our modern Christmas has suffered a terrible loss in parting from its old-time simplicity and its joy for the workers. It has become the crowded day of the year in Vanity Fair, the season of condensed and excited buying. In too many cases it has become a shocking tax on the people who buy and on those who sell. We do not make our friends happy by our gifts unless they are wholesome, within our means, and untarnished by evil economic conditions.

The Outlook urges again upon its readers thought and care for the women who stand behind counters. The rush of buyers has made Christmas for them a day to look forward to with dread instead of as a festival of joy. The prosperous have too often in their ignorance poisoned the springs of Christmas peace for a host of overworked women. In the present divorce of art from toil men and women have lost the sense of kinship with the workers in the shops; sooner or later art

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and toil must live together again in mutual respect and affection. Every woman who takes thought for the Christmas peace of her sister behind the counter helps forward the day of reconciliation.

THE VATICAN AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

No one who visits western Europe often enough to keep in touch with public feeling can have failed to note the large number of Roman Catholics who are loyal to the Church but in sharp opposition to the Vatican, using that word to indicate the political activity and public policy which now control the Church. Political power has been the bane of the Church for centuries; has taken it into fields where it does not belong; has lowered its moral standards by the use of methods and the pursuit of ends which have nothing in common with religion; has divided and wasted its resources and energies; and has made it an object of suspicion in countries where freedom and popular education exist.

The present policy of the Vatican is from every point of view suicidal; there is good ground for the belief that this is the view held by many, perhaps by a majority of, devout and intelligent Catholics. It is believed in Rome that the Italian Cardinals do not indorse it, but for the moment are powerless to modify it.

It is a suggestive fact that Spanish influence in Italian affairs has been a blight on the Church and on the nation. To-day it is not only disastrous to the Roman Church but to the welfare of society; for no open-minded and informed man, however he may dissent from some of the tenets of the Roman Church, can question its immense influence as a regulative moral force in the world; while the beautiful types of piety it fosters and the resources of obedience and self-sacrifice at its command are the visible fruits of the great truths which lie at its heart. At the great Missionary Conference held in Edinburgh last June, in one of the citadels of Protestantism, Bishop Brent declared that any scheme devised for the coming together of Christians must take into reckoning the Roman Church as "an integral part of the Kingdom of God," and this declaration was received with cheers. That Church, he said, does not mean the Vatican, but the great mass of its devout members, "who should always be treated as true and sincere Christians till they are proved to be otherwise."

It is in this spirit that Protestants who know the wealth of devotion stored up in the Roman Church, the religious needs of the modern world, and the peculiar adaptation of that Church to minister to races of Latin descent and of the Latin temper, look with dismay on the frightful waste of influence and leadership which the present policy of the Vatican is making in Latin Europe. Three centuries ago and more the Vatican threw away northern and western Europe; to-day, with incredible blindness, it is throwing away the countries in which it was once most securely seated and with which it was long most intimately allied—Italy, France, Spain, Portugal. With a blindness which seems inexplicable in men of any knowledge of the modern world, those who are now shaping the policy of the Vatican are closing one after another the paths of normal human activity and writing the fatal words "No thoroughfare" across roads along which men and women are compelled to travel by the law written in their hearts, by the forces which make them creative and progressive. The Vatican has been ready to make every concession to human weakness, but sets itself like a rock against the inevitable movement of the human spirit. It stands ready to forgive everything, apparently, except spiritual and religious activity. To the great movement which it ought to inspire and lead it stands opposed like some blind force which has escaped from the control of reason.

To those who realize the great and sore need of the religious spirit and of a deep and abiding faith in God in the perplexities of the age, the situation in the Latin states has assumed the proportions of a tragedy. The blind and indiscriminate attack upon the sincere scholarship, conscientious thought, and devout pursuit of truth which the Vatican calls Modernism would blight all normal progress if it could be enforced; it has silenced for the time

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being a noble company of high-minded Catholic scholars and thinkers in whom the hope of the Church lies. It is, fortunately, far too late in the day to arrest the movement of the human mind or turn back the hands on the face of the clock which divine Providence irresistibly moves forward. But scores of devout men and women are disturbed by a policy which affronts their intelligence and stamps as evil the normal exercise of their faculties; while the priests in certain countries who are not only forbidden to read modern books, but, if reports are to be trusted, are ordered not to read newspapers and magazines, are compelled to minister to a world with which they are not permitted to become acquainted. The Vatican seems bent on giving Maeterlinck's pathetic drama "The Blind" historic reality.

This policy is, however, less immediately disastrous to society than that which has alienated Latin Europe. It is but a step from indifference to antagonism, and from antagonism to a Church to loss of faith in religion. To the rising power of nationality in Italy the Vatican stands in apparently irreconcilable opposition. More and more it becomes isolated from the national life, more and more it detaches itself from the hearts of the Italian people. It is one of the saddest facts connected with the Vatican that its fiercest enemies have been in Rome; it has been compelled again and again to maintain itself by arms in a city in which it ought to have planted itself deep in the hearts of the Romans. The whole story is told in the use of the word "patriot" by Italians to describe those priests who, like the Bishop of Cremona, are deeply sympathetic with the national aspirations.

Italy, which has been the home of the Roman Church for almost two thousand years, is fast becoming a country without a religion; and, unless a change of policy is made by the Vatican, the time is not distant when there will be a conflict between the Church and the State in that country as bitter as that which has broken the connection between the Church and the nation in France. If the Church had been freed from Vaticanism, from political ambition and the tortuous policy which has borne such bitter fruit, if it had been a devout, loving, sacrificing servant of Christ to the Italian people, it would have laid up an inexhaustible treasury of affection and reverence.

The history of the violent rupture of relations in France is too recent to need more than a passing reference. If the Church had been the familiar friend, the disinterested teacher of the people, eager to protect them from injustice, quick to stand between them and oppression, the fury of the Revolution would not only have spared the churches but cherished them as sanctuaries of rights denied by the social order and the State. Does any one imagine that the violence of feeling and often of action against the Church in recent years would have been possible if the policy of the Vatican had been one of generous recognition and friendship with popular government?

Within three months the Sillon, an organization of young Catholics who cherished the principles of Pope Leo XIII, has been condemned and disbanded. "The real friends of the people," said the letter disbanding the society, "are neither revolutionists nor innovators, but traditionists." The founder of the Sillon announced his obedience in a letter full of pathos:

> The situation certainly is one of sorrow and anxiety for a Catholic like myself, who wishes to labor, notwithstanding, as a republican and as a democrat. Many paths have been closed to me, but I shall find others to follow, and when all are forbidden to me I shall have the satisfaction in my conscience that I have done my duty.
>
> In the circumstance, being a Catholic first and foremost, I am glad to show my devotion to my faith and my fidelity to my religion. Nevertheless, I should consider it as cowardice to cease all action, all the more so as, from many points of view, I should be only too glad to retire. Nothing is more disagreeable to me than to see myself the chosen enemy of the most opposed parties. But I believe that I must continue to work for the good of my country as long as means are spared me.

It is this policy, wholly political in purpose, which has kept the Roman Church in alliance with a vanishing political order and has been responsible for the strategical blunder of identifying Protestantism with freedom, progress, education, and that great movement for the liberation of the human spirit which we call Democracy. Twenty years ago a great Catholic leader,

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Cardinal Manning, enumerated the movements for the betterment of society which had their beginning outside the Church of Rome—the abolition of slavery, the temperance agitation, the protection of animals from cruelty, the protection of children, the measures to save girls from shame, the many measures to regulate in the interest of humanity the conditions of men, women, and children in factories, in mines, on railways. "Not one of the works in their behalf," wrote Cardinal Manning, "was started by us." This is a terrible arraignment of the Vatican or the political policy of the Papacy.

The Roman Church is a teacher of mercy, compassion, helpfulness; its messengers of love are never absent when plague or fire or sword or famine are at hand; but the Vatican is reactionary, in alliance with the government of privilege, with the denial of popular rights. This tragic contradiction between the beautiful and self-sacrificing ministry of an army of nuns and priests in all parts of the world and the binding of the Church to the fortunes of decaying monarchy has borne terrible fruit in the attacks on nunneries when the rage of misgoverned peoples against corrupt and inefficient governments has burst out as it did recently in Lisbon.

The Vatican has laid on intelligent Catholics a burden too great to be borne; it is trying to build an impenetrable wall between itself and its educated children; it is trying to arrest the order of growth and unfolding which alone makes life explicable and of which it is itself the product; it is forcing on its children the "terrible choice between disobedience and the denial of known truth;" it is setting itself against the great movement of affairs which has loosed the energy of the human spirit by recognizing its right to freedom. Instead of leading society in its struggle towards justice, brotherliness, and the realization of the Kingdom of God in the relations of men, the Vatican is allying itself with the forces of reaction and making itself the protagonist of a dying cause. It ought to be leading the way to intellectual, political, and moral progress; it has abdicated its leadership and laid a blight on its children of light and vision.

But this is not the end; it cannot be the end of so great a force for moral order and religious faith. A recent writer has said: "In the long run, perhaps in not more than a very short run—as the Church's history goes—this state of things must cease; the authorities at Rome must give way, even although in giving way they let in the flood which in their prescience they are fearing now, and then a new day in the hope of Christian men will dawn—a day of the beginning of new fulfillment in the divine city and kingdom upon earth." Spanish influence cannot always shape the policy of the Vatican; a self-perpetuating Italian cardinalate cannot always govern the Church; the Catholic Church in America cannot always be distrusted and feared at Rome; a silent but mighty protest from devout and intelligent Catholics in all parts of the world cannot be permanently ignored. The time will come when American, English, and German Catholics will have proportional representation in the College of Cardinals. When that time comes, the tremendous spiritual power latent in the Roman Church will energize its wonderful organization, consecrate its vast strength, discard its outworn and paralyzing political activities, and set it free to be once more the witness to the beauty and power of an Apostolic Church, at once the most daring leader and the humblest servant of men. The real fight of the Roman Church is not with the State in Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, but with the State within itself—the political policy in the Vatican.

JOHN LA FARGE

When the Society of American Artists was organized in 1878, Mr. La Farge was one of the small group of artists of established position who joined the young men with whom that bold excursion into the field of free art originated. He was an American to the heart in his welcome of new movements, his willingness to adapt himself to new conditions; but, more than any other American artist, he was in temper of mind and interest a man of the Renaissance. To know him was to understand that most elusive but most deeply interesting quality, the artistic temperament. He was as far removed from the average American of affairs as if he had been born in Flor-

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ence in the sixteenth century. George Parsons Lathrop said of him: "He has caught the mediæval moods, shared the impulse of the Japanese; he has drawn from one branch of the modern French school, and yet his work reminds us constantly that he represents a national quality new in art." Many of the expressions of that quality are in the custody of private persons; but fortunately a sufficient number belong to the public in various buildings of dignity and permanency to preserve the record of his rare and subtle genius for centuries to come.

Mr. La Farge was born in the city of New York, of French parentage, his father a naval officer, his mother the daughter of a miniature painter of considerable talent and the cousin of a distinguished French critic. He became a student, first at Fordham College in New York, then at Columbia, and finally at Mount St. Mary's School in Baltimore, a Roman Catholic institution. His education was both classical and legal; for, like many other men of artistic and literary talent, he endeavored first to be a lawyer. A visit to his grandfather in Paris in 1856 really settled the problem of his vocation. He met St.-Victor, who was his mother's cousin, Sainte-Beuve, and many other well-known French writers, in whose atmosphere his own ideas became more definite. He became a pupil in the *atelier* of Couture, who promptly recognized his ability, and said to him: "Your place is not among these students; they have no ideas; they imitate me; they are all trying to be little Coutures." Following the wise suggestion to study by himself, La Farge devoted much time to drawing, reproducing the works of old masters in Paris, Munich, Dresden, and the Italian cities. Later he visited England, and became for the moment deeply interested in pre-Raphaelite painting, which undoubtedly developed and defined his ideas about color, although the other elements in the art of the school did not attract him. Still uncertain as to his work in life, he resumed his legal studies; but his artistic longings were too strong, and he finally became a pupil of William Morris Hunt at Newport, where he began a working life of prodigious energy. At the very start he was interrupted by a severe illness, and he was always a man of uncertain physical strength. Nothing, however, dampened his ardor or chilled his enthusiasm. In 1872 and 1873 he studied the stained-glass work of the masters in Europe and the methods of the modern manufacturers, for his interest covered both sides of designing in glass. There were then in America no good painters on glass, and the choice of glass was extremely limited. On his return home ne found this field practically unoccupied; and he achieved in it a success which places him among the foremost artists of his time. Whatever may have been his defects in design and in composition, his genius as a colorist was unmistakable from the beginning. He handled glass, the use of which had become highly conventional and imitative, with the freedom of a creative mind, and he carried it farther in pictorial power than it had ever been carried before. He not only recaptured, so to speak, the wonderful glow of the older glass, but he created opalescent effects and a richness of coloring which give many of his windows an incomparable richness and splendor. His designs were as original and bold as his treatment of the material. Looked at from the standpoint of religious uses, his windows have sometimes justly been criticised as lacking in religious feeling; but their artistic distinction cannot be questioned. In dealing with glass he was the foremost artist of his time.

He made his mark in mural painting, in which he combined architectural feeling with pictorial and decorative effectiveness. His first notable work in wall-painting was in the interior of Trinity Church, Boston, co-operating with his friend, the brilliant architect Richardson. This work was followed by the paintings in St. Thomas's Church in New York, "The Three Marys at the Tomb" and "Christ and the Magdalen;" works of great beauty, which were unfortunately destroyed when the church was burned. Perhaps the finest of his religious pictures is that which fills the space above the altar in the Church of the Ascension in New York, in which his genius seemed to find the fullest and freest expression. His

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mural work in the Capitol at St. Paul and the Supreme Court Building in Baltimore, executed toward the end of his life, was notable for its dignity of design and beauty of coloring. The series of lunettes for the Baltimore Court-House, interpreting the great theme of Justice, finished in his seventy-third year, were invested by his strong imagination and his powerful intelligence with all the dignity which tradition and the place of Justice among the Virtues commanded.

His easel work was notable chiefly for its coloring, and took its subjects largely from Japan and the Pacific Islands, where he executed many landscapes and flower-pieces. He found still a fourth language in the use of his pen, for his writing ranked in its insight and individual quality with much of his artistic work. "An Artist's Letters from Japan" were a sensitive and subtle transcription of the qualities of Japanese scenery and life; his "Considerations on Painting" is a somewhat desultory but very suggestive discussion, full of the insight of a man of genius, and as valuable to the student of writing as of painting. The series of descriptive and interpretative studies of great painters published in his volumes on the "Great Masters" reveal the thoroughness of his study of the works of the past, and are written with extraordinary simplicity, taking into account the subtlety of the man's nature.

Those who knew Mr. La Farge only through his works, however, missed the greater part of him. He was one of the most interesting personalities of his time. No one could be with him without recognizing that he was in the presence of a man of genius, and an hour of his talk was the best possible preparation for understanding works of the elusive quality of Leonardo da Vinci's. It was not only what he said; it was also the atmosphere that enveloped the man; the expression of temperament which made him the interpreter of a view of life and an attitude toward nature and society which made the work of the great artists comprehensible by the layman. He loved life and made himself completely at home in the world. One of the earliest Americans to appreciate the beauty of Japanese art, he was by temperament and taste responsive to Oriental ideas; and to see him in Oriental dress was to get an impression of the man at once new and startling. He loved the Sandwich Islands, and was vastly entertained by his appointment as Hereditary Speechmaker in one of the great families of the islands. His life had wonderful variety, picturesqueness, and range. It was, in very truth, an adventure of the spirit, full of daring, romance, and achievement. Not long before his death, speaking of an autobiography or reminiscences which he hoped to write, he showed the vitalizing power of his imagination, describing his life as rising very quietly, flowing through still places, gathering depth and volume, passing under palm trees and under tropical stars, continually widening and deepening as it flowed onward. It is too early to determine his rank as a painter, but about his personality and the richness of his contribution to the artistic life of the country there can be no doubt.

STORIES THAT ARE SATISFYING

To discover, all by one's self, a new teller of tales worth while is a rare joy for the hardened novel-reader bored by pot-boilers and jaded by quick-action best-sellers. It matters not a jot that hundreds of other readers are making the same discovery at the same minute—perhaps before; *you* have made your own find, have not been steered into it by tabulated lists of sales, or authoritative literary critics, or pronunciamentos from librarians; alone you did it; the book is yours, and the joy thereof. What would you take, for instance, for that copy of the first edition of "Kidnapped" you bought in London hot from the press, and read on the train for Scotland? Or when will you forget the night you skeptically began to read the story a friend had said was out of the ordinary, and discovered De Morgan? The book happened to be "Joseph Vance," but for you the discovery would have been as genuine if it had been "It Never Can Happen Again." It is the revelation of the author to *you* that counts.

And almost equally satisfying is it to

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find a book in a new vein, or in a new perfection within the old vein, from an author already recognized as appealing to you, no matter what others may think. Here, for instance, are three stories, by writers who have heretofore written and written well, which are as far apart in subject and manner as well could be, but each of which hits the mark aimed at fair and square, and calls out an approving "Good work!" One of them deals with a great industrial activity and its public bearings; the second is a minute transcription of commonplace life and character; the third a bit of whimsical imagination; the literary art of each is excellent, but each appeals to a separate taste and looks at life from its own angle.

Stewart Edward White has not written as strong a story as "The Rules of the Game"[1] since his "Blazed Trail," and the present book is the superior in that its descriptions of the rough life of the lumber-jack (this time in California instead of Michigan) are less brutal and melodramatic, the manner of writing mellower and quieter. But what gives a lasting, positive value to the book is that it puts before us sanely and fairly the problems of forestry and conservation. We see them as they appear on the field of work, as they look objectively to the National forest ranger and his supervisor, and to the old lumberman who laughs at the book theories of young men out of college and sees nothing that is not visionary in the ideas. The cunning of the grafter, the new, almost fanatical faith of the reformer, the tangle of red tape, the harm that comes from a bad or sluggish administration of conservation affairs at Washington, and the inspiration that comes from such leadership as that of Pinchot, who is indicated but not named: all this might be made a bore—but it isn't. The novel is human, alive, and has a pretty bit of love interest. "Old John" alone, in his grim humor, outward roughness, and inward idealism, goes far to make a good story.

It is a far cry from Mr. White's story of action to Arnold Bennett's "Clayhanger."[2] It would be easy to describe this so as to make it appear tedious beyond words. Think of a novel seven hundred pages long which promises at the end to take up in a similar volume the history of the "heroine" of the first before her marriage with its "hero," and in a third the history of their married life! But, if we may be slangy for once, "it gets there just the same." The London "Spectator" exactly expresses the nature of the day-by-day account of a few people's lives in one of those "Five Towns" which Mr. Bennett knows so well, when it comments: "Most writers would probably await the verdict of the public before committing themselves to the perilous paths of a sequel on such an extended scale. But Mr. Bennett is troubled by no misgivings, nor can we altogether wonder at the confidence of an author who has achieved such a *tour de force* as that of writing a very long but deeply interesting novel about a multitude of people who are for the most part entirely undistinguished." And the New York "Sun's" critic—why bother to write your own criticism when you can find just what you want to say ready-made?—describes the novel as "a minute study of character and of middle-class life in a small manufacturing town, written with all the deliberation, and much of the rambling and of the charm too, of Mr. De Morgan's stories." We advise the reader who balks at the sluggish writing to persevere, and, if he finds that he is caught in the meshes of the narrative, to ask himself at the end what it was that caught him.

The last story of these three picked up out of threescore is Eleanor H. Abbott's "Molly Make-Believe."[1] In this a rheumatic young man, whose matter-of-fact fiancée in Florida sends only what may be called personal memoranda when he longs for love-letters, applies for the service of a much-advertised bureau which offers to supply every kind of letter on demand. What "Molly Make-Believe" writes him and what happens thereafter does not matter here. The point is that the little story really does take hold of the imagination.

So we have in these three books, respectively: fighting energy, photographic reflex of humdrum life, playful fancy. And all three are satisfying.

[1] Doubleday, Page & Co.
[2] E. P. Dutton & Co.

[1] The Century Company.

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THE SPECTATOR

The motor skiff chugged along, towing after her a seine-boat full of assorted people—the chaplain of the Fishermen's Institute, the young Young Men's Christian Association secretary, a baritone singer and a young lady from the hotel who could play his piano accompaniments, a volunteer choir, and two or three small boys. A huge bundle of hymn-books and service-cards, strapped together, was the only cargo, and its destination was the training-ship Ranger, lying out in Gloucester Harbor, which was going to have a Sunday service of its own.

The Spectator, in the motor skiff, admired the calm ability of the two training-ship boys, in white sailor ducks of approved pattern, who were managing her. They steered their tow in the crowded harbor full of voyaging sloops and motor launches with easy mastery of the rules of the road. They came up alongside the companionway with calculated nicety, sheering away and casting off the tow so as to let the boat behind come in with just enough way on to make it perfectly. They might have been born to the sea—and yet a twelvemonth before they had hardly so much as seen it, the Spectator found, when he talked to the officer of the deck about them afterward. When the Commonwealth of Massachusetts does a thing, it has the habit of doing it thoroughly; and these boys, and all the rest of the ninety-two sea-scholars on the Ranger, were a living proof of it.

Uncle Sam, so the officer in charge explained, gives a war-ship to any State that asks for it as a training-ship. Only three have asked so far—Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania. The fact that it costs Massachusetts sixty thousand dollars a year to keep up the Ranger may explain why the other forty-odd States have not pestered the Navy Department for ships. It takes Massachusetts two years to train a boy in this marine course, so each one represents an education in the thousands; but he pays not a cent more than if he went to the high school. All he has to do is to file an application with the commissioners and be ready, when his turn comes, to pass just about the same examination as if he were going from the grammar grades into the high school. His course on the Ranger will fit him for an officer or engineer in the merchant marine, and not the United States navy, as some erroneously think. The officer explained that the Governor of Massachusetts appoints the captain—who is, however, a naval man, transferred from Uncle Sam's service for the work—and that the discipline, while military and strict, is not exactly that of a war-vessel. In the winter the training-ship lies in Boston harbor, in the other seasons she takes practice cruises, always including three months in Europe. Of her three masts, one is square-rigged, and thus the pupils learn how to handle a ship of any rig, while the engines give plenty of object-lesson work as to steam navigation. Altogether the Ranger constitutes such a lure to the boy who longs for the sea that the Spectator asked if the commissioners were not mobbed; but the officer's answer was prompt. "No; the fact is, nobody seems to know about it much. A block from the wharf where she ties up for the winter, the Boston folks don't appear to know she's there." But this, the Spectator is sure, is undue modesty, for certainly every berth is steadily filled, and the alumni dinner, held in Boston every winter, is becoming a more and more important affair.

The boys were a fine sight as they sat on the benches in the lower deck and joined lustily in the singing which opened the service. Every one American-born, with keen, frank young faces, they were the most promising of material, and the speakers evidently felt them so. The Young Men's Christian Association secretary and the chaplain talked to them and at them in dynamic and refreshing style, suitable to the salt breeze that blew in through the gratings. The lads chose out their favorite hymns, and sang them until it seemed as if "Onward, Christian Soldiers," would lift the deck timbers, and until various darting summer craft outside paused and drew near to listen. The

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service was short, but it was real—that was its keynote; and whether the boys or the speakers struck it most was hard to say.

It was almost the same week that the Spectator attended another service of the sea, still in old Gloucester, that mother of ships and sailors. In this case she was a mother mourning for lost children; for it was the annual memorial service held for Gloucester fishermen lost at sea. For a few years lately this service, for one reason or other, was discontinued; but in 1909 it was revived, and is now held out of doors, instead of in a church, as formerly. Stage Fort Park, that historic sweep of granite rocks and grassy glades, has been chosen as its most appropriate setting. A procession of the townspeople started from Town Hall Square in the afternoon, and the Spectator, looking from the rocks, could see them marching forward along the water-front and over Blynman Bridge, led by a band playing appropriately solemn and martial music. Groups of children with flowers in their hands—not hot-house blossoms, but the hardy cottage flowers that bloom in every Gloucester dooryard—were everywhere in the march, and sat close around the speakers when the procession reached a grassy amphitheater under drooping elms and settled itself for the memorial service.

"What class of men," says Wilfred Grenfell (who knows pre-eminently whereof he speaks), "preserve as well that God-given genius of our English-speaking race, the genius for the sea, as do the world-known men of the famous fishing fleet from Gloucester? As seamen and fishermen they are unsurpassed to-day." But their very excellence means the continual facing of danger; and the simple reading of the "roll-call" in that grassy glade was full of a poignant pathos. Forty-seven names—some young, some old, some single, some leaving penniless widows and orphans—were read in a hushed stillness. It was a brave roll-call, one of humble heroes, living and dying in a stern business that is not for cowards—a roll-call of which any city might be proud; and it gave a depth to the quiet, almost homely, service that made it more impressive than any eloquence. Beyond, the harbor lay blue in the summer sun, with only the tide racing out under Blynman Bridge to show that the sea was alive and hungry—that smiling sea which welcomes fleets only to wreck them if it can, and yet into which the Gloucester fisherman sails out as calmly as the Kansas farmer goes into his corn-field.

When the hymns were over and the prayers said, the procession started back again, and now the children with their flowers were close at the front. Blynman Bridge was crowded with onlookers, but they made way for the flower-bearers, who pushed to the railings. Below the swift tide rushed out to the sea, and on it, as a fitting end to the memorial tribute, the childish hands dropped the scattering nosegays. Crimson and gold and purple, marigold and aster and nasturtium and dahlia, the dooryard flowers of the fishermen, they were swept away toward the ocean, under whose depths lay the dead who would never again tread the rocky streets toward home. They were so few, so pathetic, those handfuls of flowers swept and submerged by the rushing tide, that they brought a catch in the throat, and a sense of the vastness against which these men had gone forth, and which had swept them into oblivion. "*Save me, O God—the ocean is so wide, and my boat is so small!*"—the Gloucester fisherman, like the Breton one, may well repeat this prayer in the face of the grim toll of the ocean. But still he goes forth; and still each year this service of the sea commemorates his steady courage and flings the tribute of a town's remembrance on the tides of its harbor.

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Nuremberg

by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Illustrated by Leon Victor Solon

A Dollmaker of Nuremberg

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Nuremberg Castle

IN the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables like the rooks that round them throng:

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors rough and bold
Had their dwellings in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,
That their great, imperial city stretched its hand to every clime.

In the courtyard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;

On the square, the oriel window, where in old heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior, singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of art;
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

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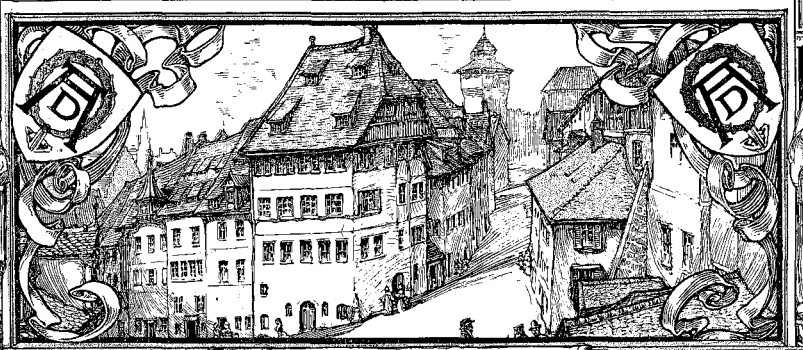

The Dürer House

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust:

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when art was still religion, with a simple reverent heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies,
Dead he is not—but departed—for the artist never dies:

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air.

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes,
Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic strains;

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime,

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The Meistersingers

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an alehouse, with a nicely sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door,

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,
As the old man gray and dovelike, with his great beard white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye
Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard,
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and courtyards, sang in thought his careless lay;

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labor—the long pedigree of toil.

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Cap'n Tom's Christmas Supper

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

With Drawings by Rollin Kirby

CAP'N TOM sat on the poorhouse steps, with his lieges about him. Alas, there were parties in the sad place, and Cap'n Len had his own party —consisting of himself—and he sat somewhat apart. He was of the opinion that the poormaster ought to kill the pigs now; the others held that the rite should take place in the winter weather, in order that headcheese, souse, and sausages might give cheer in the time of the nipping frost.

"Something, you see, to make good with, come Christmas," said Cap'n Tom, brightly.

"I'm alive now," said Cap'n Len, "an' I do' 'no' w'at I'll be, come Christmas."

"The pigs," said Mrs. Dolly, "are growing fine. There'll be twice as much of them for us w'en the snow flies. It's only a pig itself would rob us of all that extry for the sake of a bone now."

"Tut, tut, Mrs. Dolly!" said Cap'n Tom.

"It's w'at's left him high an' dry here," said Mrs. Dolly. "He ain't no self-denial."

"When he wants a thing he wants it now," said the laughing young girl in the faded and soiled pink frock.

"Most on us do," said Mrs. Barnard, the old woman who sat on the step beside her husband, and kept her hand in his, her feet wrapped in strips of old cloth for want of shoes.

"He's kind o' pindlin'," said Cap'n Tom, lowering his voice. "He ain't no relish for mush an' milk. We was shipmates to Rio onct, out from Hongkong, an' we was ninety days fightin' 'th wind an' weather—give up for lost. An' the water was soapy, an' the beef—you couldn't jes' call 't beef! An' his digesters was never the same sence. He'd orter be in a house of his own 'stid o' here, where the beef's on'y half as bad—w'en we git it, anyway."

"We'd all orter be in a house of our own," said Mrs. Barnard in a trembling voice.

"This is our own," said her husband,

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waking a little. "We paid taxes for it."

"An' I'm thankful for it, ef it ain't like havin' your own sink an' cook-stove," said the gentle little woman.

"An' no poormaster to say you shall an' you sha'n't," said Isabel, putting the pretty locks out of her great blue eyes.

"Some on us needs that," said Mrs. Dolly, severely.

"Some of us needed it long ago!" retorted Isabel.

"Come, come," said Cap'n Tom. "We're all on a footin' here. We've all hed misfort'n', or we wouldn't 'a' come here for a refush. We're glad we've got the refush."

"Speak for yerself!" growled Cap'n Len out of his great red beard.

"Misfort'n's," repeated Mrs. Barnard with a deep sigh, "an' I never rightly unnerstan' w'y. I kep' my house like wax—"

"She did that," said her husband, waking again. "There ain't a better cook in this county!"

"I'd like to make you all some o' my light biscuits, an' brile ye sech birds as he uster shoot on the ma'sh, an' give ye a blueberry puddin' 'th lemon sauce—"

"We'd liketer hev' ye, Mis' Barnard. As 'tis ye're jes' makin' our mouths water."

"So I be," said the old woman, wiping her poor eyes, where the swift-coming tear shone like a spark of fire in the dark depths. "It's a shame. For I guess we're all as tired of mush an' milk as Cap'n Len."

"Wal," said Cap'n Tom, "there's suthin' wuss'n mush an' milk, an' that's not havin' so much as that. I knowed that w'en I broke my leg up in Labrador, an' was on a cake of ice all day an' all night, pushin' out to sea. Cap'n Len here, he come after an' saved me—"

"Didn't either!" growled Cap'n Len. "You saved yerself, wavin' yer red shirt!"

"Hm," said Cap'n Tom. "I guess I know."

"You're here now, anyway," said Mrs. Barnard, gently; "which makes it very pleasant for us."

"There's the new moon!" cried Isabel. "Let's wish."

"Bow nine times," said Mrs. Dolly, "an' say yer wish. Mebbe you'll get it. But certain you'll hev a present 'fore the moon's old."

"Heathens!" said Cap'n Len.

"Wal, hurry now. Bow an' tell. There'll be fairy stories—"

"Before we're called in like school-children!" said Isabel, with a pout.

"Was you ever to school, Isabel?" asked Mrs. Dolly after the solemnity.

"Some. I was a grand speller. I spelled down grown men onct. But I couldn't carry ten; I'd liketer hev kep' on. Too late now."

"'Tain't never too late," said Mrs. Barnard. "Mr. Barnard can show you how to carry ten. He was a great scholard 'fore he merried me. He learned me. W'en he merried me, his folks sort o' cast him off, an' he begun—"

"Goin' down hill," said the old man, resting his chin on his cane and looking into the growing dark, as the young moon dropped its spark of gold behind the woods.

"I s'pose, w'en you go out," said Cap'n Tom to the girl, "you're goin' to turn over a new leaf. Earn yer money on the square, save it, an' go to school 'ith it."

"Wisht I could," said Isabel, hesitatingly, twisting up the unruly hair again while she held the combs between her teeth. "But I do' 'no'. I do' 'no'."

"The old way's an open door," said Mrs. Dolly. "Other ways has the bars up."

"Wal, ef I was half a man, an' hed the money that belongs to half a man, I'd hev ye put to school where'd you come out fit to be a missionary," said Cap'n Tom.

"That's *her* wish, I guess. W'at's your'n, Mis' Barnard?"

"My wish? Ef 'tain't too late fer me to have wishes, mine's a fairy story, an' no mistake. I jes' wished I hed my little house out there on Berry Hill, my garding, my hens, my bees, my keepin'-room, my garret full o' old thin's, my bake-beans Sa'days, my fish-balls Sunday mornin's—mebbe a boarder. Oh, yes, I wouldn't never hev ast fer more, excep' a dollar a day as long as him an' me lives."

"A dollar a day!" cried Isabel. "If

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I hed a dollar a day fer every day in the year, I'd—"

"Mis' Barnard, you want the earth," said Mrs. Dolly.

"An' w'at's your wish, Mrs. Dolly?" said the Cap'n.

"Jes' ter go an' live with Mis' Barnard an' wait on her an' him."

"That's reasonable. And Isabel wants an edication. That's in reason, too. She'd do jestice to it. An' mine's jest a good fire 'ith Cap'n Len one eend the settle an' me the t'other. Pity, pity the world's all askew!"

"Better be thankful fer w'at we got," growled Cap'n Len from the other side of the porch.

"That's so, Len; an' we've got mush an' milk, an' summer weather, an' a brier-rose sweet'nin' the air, an' the smell o' the hay. An' presently there'll be sech moonlight as the rich can't hev no finer."

"It don't look like the same world w'en the moon shines," said Mrs. Barnard. "Oh, my, my, my!" and her thoughts plainly were back in the mellow evenings when she and her happy lover went strolling down the woody ways together and the gates of Eden seemed wide open for them to enter in.

But here the witless creature who was always asking for a pin came up, and the poormaster was calling for some one to help him with the man who, stumbling on the pauper graves, could not pick himself up, and the babies began to cry inside, and the mistress came out and said it was

"MRS. DOLLY WAS IN OPEN REBELLION"

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time for laughing and talking to stop and folks to go to bed.

"It's allus the way w'en you git to enj'yin' yerself," grumbled Cap'n Len, although he had not seemed to be particularly enjoying himself till time was called.

The slow months wore themselves away, and, to Cap'n Len's belated satisfaction, the pigs had become bacon and sausage and salt pork, and the winter winds were whistling wild round the lonely gables of the old poorhouse. Mrs. Barnard had come into possession of some child's shoes, which she had cut open for her own small feet, and she had found a pair of rubber overshoes for her husband to wear over the rags with which his feet were still bound. Isabel was washing the dishes as before, and helping the poormaster's wife in spite of contrary inclinations; Mrs. Dolly was in open rebellion, refusing to work at all; and Cap'n Tom and Cap'n Len, agreeing with her, declared that those who had paid their taxes had a right to much better care than they received, and stamped about on their canes and found all the fault they wished with the management.

Perhaps no one was more surprised than Cap'n Tom himself, one day then, the snow falling, to be told that some one was inquiring for him. "I didn't know there was a soul in the world to ask for me, or to know where I be," said Cap'n Tom, rather angrily.

"Wal, ef ye come to the poorhouse, ye hev ter leave pride behind ye," said Cap'n Len.

"I do' 'no' w'y," said the other. "It's an institution here I helped pay for—leastways I should hev stood in to help pay ef I'd ever been on land taxin' day. I'm on'y havin' my rights. But I'd jest as lieves folks wouldn't know I was a-takin' 'em!"

Cap'n Tom, however, returned to his companion in quite another frame of mind. He was smiling and brushing his hair with his fingers into fantastic shapes. He sat motionless a long while, without regard to Cap'n Len's throaty ejaculations. He rose and went to the window, looking out on the thickening weather and the snow that flew by in playful wreaths. "Wouldn't be bodin' much good ef we was to sea," he said. "I guess it's goin' ter be a three-decker." He sat down again by the black stove that warmed if it did not cheer. "Strange," he said at last, "what difference some dirty rags they call money makes," and he pulled from his pocket a roll that merited the epithet. "More where that come from," he said.

"'Some feasts, while some scurce hev a taste,'" said Cap'n Len. "All the same, ef you've hed luck I'm glad on it, old man!"

"We've gin'rally gone sheers," said Cap'n Tom, laying the bills out on his knee. Laboriously counting, he divided the number equally, an' put one-half in Cap'n Len's hand. "Baccy, an' so forth," he said.

"No, no," said Cap'n Len. "No, no—"

"You be blest!" said Cap'n Tom, or words to that effect, if opposite in sound. And then both of them hustled their parcels out of sight as Mr. Stoners, the poormaster, came by.

Ten minutes afterwards, evading the watchful eyes and aided and abetted by Isabel, they wrapped their comforters round their throats and sallied out into the snow. "I've took the Bubble into port unner tops'ils in wuss weather'n this," said Cap'n Tom. "Think you're good for ten miles, Len?"

"Good's you be."

"Wal, I ain't. We'll mebbe git a lift inter town an' hire a hoss. Rec'lec' the Bubble? I sailed her straight through the hull fishin' fleet as ef she was sent from a bow. Wal, wal, laid her bones on a reef in the port. Never got another." They trudged on, calling up old memories for a while, the snow and sleet making them remember days and nights on deep water. "Come, come," said Cap'n Tom at last. "I guess you'd like ter know what port we're bound for to-day. Wal, ye see it's this way. 'Tain't best ter tell all ye know w'en ye're where walls has ears. But's it's all outdoors here. My sister-in-law's second cousin's sister-in-law—got that straight? They're dead and gone now, the hull dear bunch on 'em. So. An' she's up an' lef' me her property. Pervidin' I could be found. I was found all right. I was found. I'm pleased,

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"'I CALL THIS COMFORT,' SAID CAPTAIN TOM"

though, that she didn't know where. We was keepin' comp'ny in them old days, an' there was those come between us. An' I drifted off an' never drifted back, so 't she'd know of it. She was a pretty thin' them days. Glad I ain't seen her sence—years makes big changes. She had eyes like the leaf of a heartsease, an' w'en she laughed an' showed her little white teeth— Oh, what's the use!" said Cap'n Tom to the gathering gale. "She's lef' me the house; 'twarn't much of a dwellin', but 'twas good enough for her, an' I guess 'twill be good enough for you an' me, Len. An' it's all complete; jes' 's she was took out of it—the sheets on the beds, the chiny on the shelf, the wood in the woodhouse, the pickles an' preserves in the sullar, an' poun' cake an' plum cake in the stone crocks. It's a house for folks to walk right inter. Mebbe for some others. I do' no'. I gotter see that lawyer ag'in, fer probably Stoners won't let 'em out, I not engagin' they sha'n't come back. We'll hurry it up an' see. Git out ourselves fust." And Cap'n Tom struck a good gait, swinging his arms as if, as Cap'n Len said, he owned both sides of the road. Cap'n Len would not let himself be outstripped, and the lawyer was seen, arrangements made, and a team was found to take them to a little dark cottage under the trees, the driver paid beforehand out of the overflowing pocket, lest he should decline to start at all, an' Cap'n Tom was sped along, revolving in tune with the sleigh-bells the dark ways by which he was going to have his plan appear to be Cap'n Len's own suggestion.

"Kinder lonesome Christmas supper, you an' me in this empty house an' neither on us knowin' how to cook," said he, when the place had been reached, the team dismissed, and the key turned in the lock.

"I useter know how to make lobscouse," said the other. "Guess that'll do for supper. Here's the fire laid ready to light. Got a match? I'll fetch some wood in."

"Lobscouse," said Cap'n Tom, grandly,

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"is good 's fur 's it goes at sea. But I guess where there's poun' cake an' black cake, an' hung beef, an' salt fish, an' a half-barrel o' pork, an' a keg o' mackerel, an' crackers an' cheese, an' gingersnaps, an' jells, we'll git along on on them. Le's investigate."

Now if you belong to certain parties and certain principles belong to you, you will not be pleased to think of Cap'n Tom and Cap'n Len, after their satisfaction with the delicacies mentioned, sitting beside the stove with their pipes lighted, and each with a long and steaming tumbler of the rum they had found hid away for emergencies of illness in the cupboard of the sister-in-law's second cousin's sister-in-law. "I call this comfort," said Cap'n Tom, watching his smoke.

"Solid," said Cap'n Len.

"I wisht every one else in the world was as well fixed."

"Certain, certain!"

"Poor old lady Barnard!"

"An' the rest on 'em."

"Now," said Cap'n Tom, "the question is: We'll have 'em all out here to supper to-morrer night, as you sorter proposed—"

"Me?"

"Warn't it you? Wal, 'tain't neither here nor there. We'll have 'em to supper sure; but—shall we let 'em go home? If we let 'em go back to the place we've come from—thanks be to God! we can manage our tumblers of o'-be-joyful every night; other ways it'll hev ter be milk an' water. We won't hev any women ter fault us for s'ilin' the floors, any women ter worr the life out'n us w'en an old shipmate comes out 'ith his long pipe, any women in gray gowns or pink calikers ter say us nay. We can have roast turkey instid o' corn beef ef we let 'em go home; we can go inter town ter the shows instid o' takin' 't out lookin' at the stars an' wishin' by the moon. Eh? What say?"

"I say," said Cap'n Len, "'twill be devilish lonesome 'ith no women round!"

"You're right, mate. You're right," said Cap'n Tom, after a long silence, knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "But

"'AS IF WE'D DIED AND GONE TO HEAVEN,' SAID THE OLD MAN AT HER ELBOW"

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some thin's are broad as they're long. Women are onsartin, ye know."

"P'r'aps. But 'twas kind o' cheery—that pink caliker."

"She wouldn't be wearin' sech goods in winter weather."

"Ef she hed anythin' else."

"To be sure, ef she was a-livin' here, we'd hev ter make out the proper close fer her."

"The 'Cademy's on'y a mile round the hill from here, ef a gel wanted edication."

"That's so. There's edication. All the same, my feelin's is more consarned with the old lady. I—I've fetched out a lot o' shoes an' slippers I found sence we come, that was my sister-in-law's cousin's sister-in-law—meaning Nancy. She's never seemed to git any on them wore out—"

"Closet's full o' gownds. Almost makes ye feel as if there *was* a woman round."

"There's suthin' goes to the heart 'bout Mis' Barnard."

"About the old man, too."

"Tell ye w'at, Len! I didn't know jest how you'd look at it. But as you've proposed it—your heart allus was in the right place—I say! We'll fetch over the hull lot for keeps, an' Mis' Dolly ter wait on 'em. Eh? What say? That's what Nancy must 'a' meant, whether she sensed it or not. I guess it's w'at she'd like, anyway. I guess it's w'at you an' me 'll like, take it by an' large an' all round."

"Fust rate," said Cap'n Len. "As for Nancy, I do' 'no', an' do' 'no' as I care. As fer you an' me, I should say—"

"'Twould be sociable. That's so, Len. You allus did haul the line taut."

There was a fire presently in every room of the little house that had a chimney-place, as if the unwonted luxury of sufficient heat in the shed's forehanded big wood-pile could not be sufficiently enjoyed. The storm had blown itself up the coast and overseas, and the stars were like glints of gold in the dark-blue firmament, sparkling over snowy fields and silvered woods, when the big sleigh left its bewildered but happy load at Cap'n Tom's door.

"Come right in!" cried Cap'n Tom. "Come right in! It's perishin' cold. Here, leave me take ye. There! You go straight inter the bedroom, Mis' Barnard. That's your room an' his'n. You'll find thin's in the close-press there ter put on. They're all yours. There's a black silk gownd there'll jest about fit ye," he whispered. "Poor Nancy! Put it on, Mis' Barnard, quick meter. An' them shoes. An', Mis' Dolly, you'll find some thin's ter slick up 'ith upstairs in your room an' Isabel's. Don't waste no time. The turkey's brown as toast a'ready. Come, Cap'n Barnard, I'll lose my guess if suthin' a leetle hot inside wouldn't come near your case!" And the older man, pleased with the misplaced title which so implied respect, and then with the aromatic draught, toddled into his wife's room with the air of having come into his own.

Half an hour afterward Mrs. Barnard, sitting at the head of the table with her husband on her left and Cap'n Len on her right, with Mrs. Dolly and Isabel rivaling each other in waiting on Cap'n Tom at the other end of the table, cleared her throat and half rose from her chair, leaning lightly on both hands. "Being all together here," she said in her sweet and gentle voice, "an' told we are always to be together here, an' taken from that sufferin' life we were livin', makes me feel as if—as if—"

"As if we'd died and gone to heaven," said the old man at her elbow.

"Yes, "she assented. "And I was a-goin' to say we're told that in our Father's house are many mansions. And —and somehow I am sure that this is one of them!"

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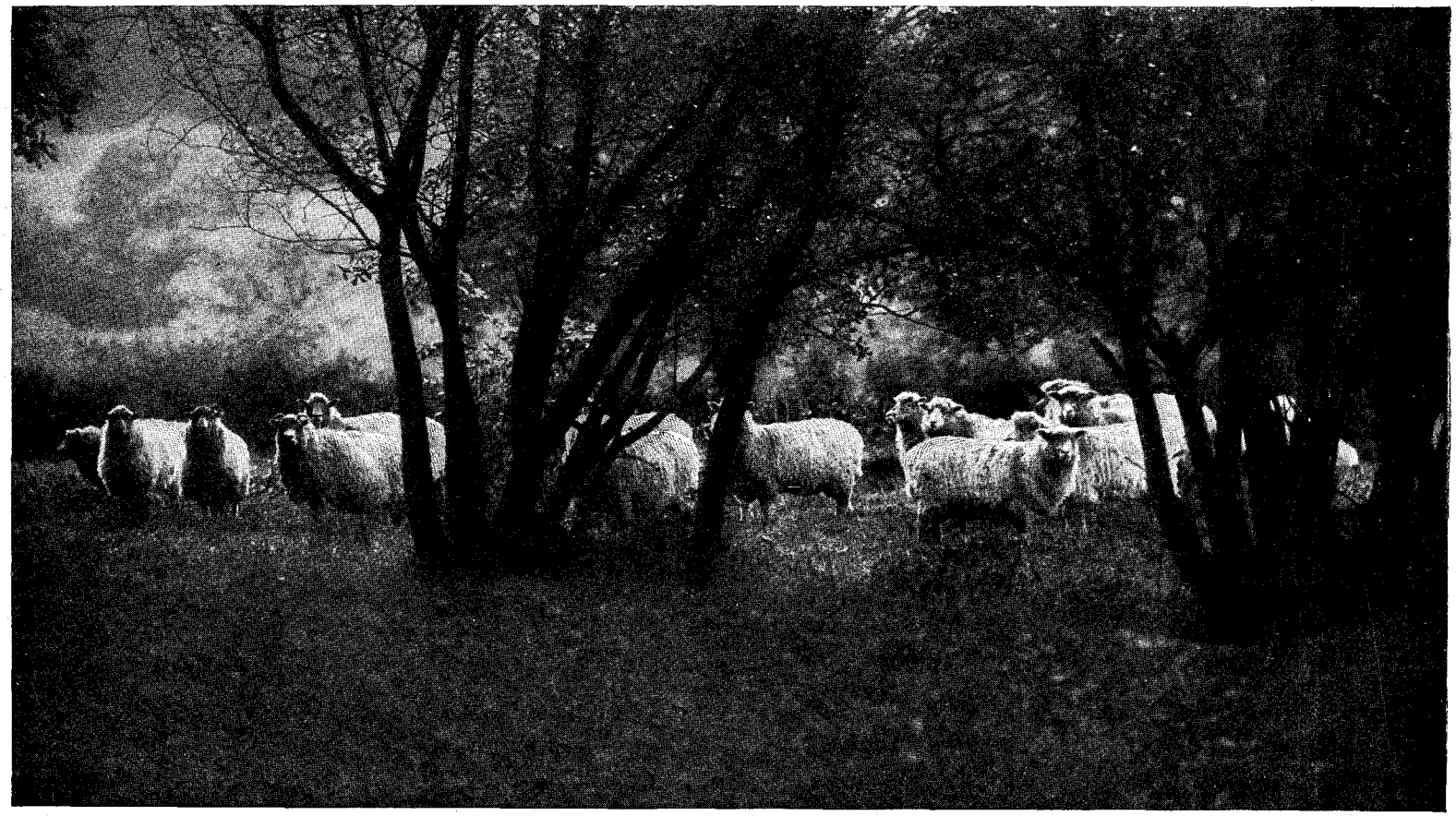

"AS FINE A FLOCK AS EVER GRAZED"

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ELIHU VEDDER'S "LAZARUS"

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Elihu Vedder in Rome

By Ferris Greenslet

IN "The Digressions of V.," that unique autobiography, the artist-author tells of a visit to Emerson which belongs among the classic interviews with the great. Although "V.'s" stay in Boston was in the heyday of her Augustan age, he refrains ordinarily from describing or even enumerating the eminent Bostonians he met, on the ground that the eminent Bostonians have "described themselves mutually" to excellent advantage; the more significant, then, is this vivacious account of an excursion to Concord:

"Circumstances concurring, Hunt and I made a pilgrimage to Concord. He had heard previously of a remark of Emerson to the effect that 'Nature being the same on the banks of the Kennebec as on the banks of the Tiber—why go to Europe?' We, having both been to Europe, could not reconcile ourselves to this dictum; in fact, were quite riled about it, and determined that if either of us had the opportunity he should have it out with Emerson.

"Now, when you saw Emerson you saw Alcott; but when you saw Alcott you did not necessarily see Emerson. Be that as it may, Emerson fell to my lot. I will not describe him—he was all that was most sweet and gracious; so was I.

"I said: 'Mr. Emerson, I think there is a great difference between the literary man and the artist in regard to Europe. Nature is the same everywhere, but literature and art are Nature seen through other eyes, and a literary man in Patagonia without books to consult would be at a great disadvantage. Here he has all that is essential in the way of books; but to the artist, whose books are pictures, this land is Patagonia.' (And so it was at that time.) I continued: 'Take from your shelves your Bible, Plato, Shakespeare, Dante, Bacon, Montaigne, etc., and make it so that you could not consult them without going to Europe, and I think it would soon be—Ho, for Europe!' Could impudence go further? I was very young.

"'Yes, yes,' said he, 'that is certainly

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an aspect of the question that should be taken into consideration.'"

The anecdote is accurately characteristic of its author. It reflects the candor, the happy impudence of speech, the clarity of vision undistorted by the astigmatisms of the literary, that are still his habit, while at the same time it presents very neatly Mr. Vedder's answer to critics who may urge that the forty years he has spent in a Roman studio calling forth on canvas the invisible forms of an adventurous imagination might have been employed in revealing to our eyes the beauties of these States. In the presence of the abundant and admirable result the answer satisfies.

Mr. Vedder's voluntary exile from "Patagonia" has been, save for his too rare visits home, consistently maintained. The late fifties saw him studying art in Florence, Paris, and Rome. The early sixties were spent in New York, where, as he modestly says, his "own struggle coincided with that of the Nation." In 1866 he returned definitely to Europe, where, after some little time on the sketching grounds of France, he crossed the Alps to Italy, which has ever since been his home. Rome herself has chiefly held him, though he has had at times a villa near Perugia and spent many long seasons at Capri in the *Torre quattro Venti*, "tower of the four winds," whence one may behold a view of incomparable beauty and rich historic associations.

His paths have been pleasant, but they have not led him away from the industrious pursuit of the art of painting. The extent and the variety of his work, as it is reproduced in the illustrations to "The Digressions," are alike enormous. From the early period which produced such memorable idealizations as "The Cumæan Sibyl," "The Lost Mind," "The Lair of the Sea Serpent," and "The Questioner of the Sphinx," through the years of his prime, which saw "The Ninth Hour," "St. Simeon Stylites," "Lazarus," "Young Marsyas," and the grave and lovely drawings to the "Rubáiyát"—sweet human happiness and genial joys depicted against the eternal background of inexorable Fate—to the later period which has given us noble symbolic figures of life and love and death, and the loftier occupations of the mind, the one persistent trait of Mr. Vedder's work has been *imagination*, an impressive visioning of things not seen with the eye. If one may prophesy, it is precisely this imagination, the element of continuous interest in his work, that will make it of permanent importance in the art history of a century when skillful technique in painting the visible forms of Nature and man and woman kind has been perhaps unduly applauded.

Mr. Vedder has been variously compared with Blake, with Boecklin, and somewhat more quaintly with our own Rimmer. There is unquestionably a likeness between his work and the work of these men, but it is the likeness of kindred impulse rather than of conscious imitation. Vedder's individuality lies in his mating of a steady sense of the melancholy mystery of the world with the genial temperament of an Anacreontic poet in a picture-making faculty of a high order. The result is an art at once sensuous and symbolic, mystical and quizzical.

This may suggest why he has been so often called a "literary" painter; and the "Digressions," in which the lifelong practice of good talk, and plenty of it, has resulted in a literary style of remarkable freshness, fullness, and animation, gives some color of veracity to the epithet. But apparently the phrase as applied to his painting means nothing more than that he has brought to his picture-making qualities of imagination, sentiment, and humor—of personality, in short—that a certain school of art criticism would, if not deprecate, depreciate.

In his singular union of an engaging outspokenness of personality with a notable mastery of the misty borderland effects in art, with the gift of imparting the subtle thrill that the French call *frisson*, of communicating the incommunicable, Mr. Vedder strangely resembles another historian of a "bad boy," Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Indeed, considering the two men working in diverse arts, one feels almost disposed to venture the generalization that in the arts a man's grasp and his reach are identical, that it is the contriving hand as much as the ranging mind by which the most haunting effects are won. It has been said of Mr. Vedder that the appeal

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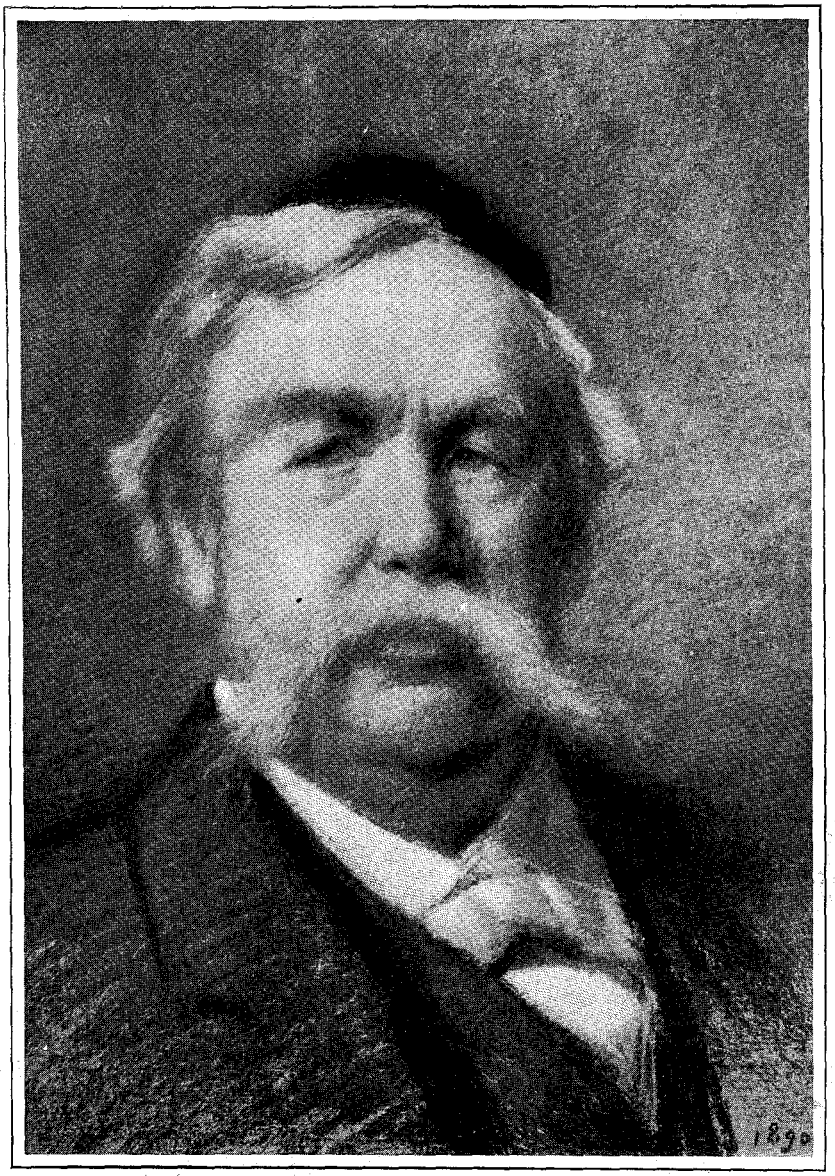

PAINTED BY H. PENNINGTON

ELIHU VEDDER

of his pictures to the imagination is the result merely of the skillful handling of the well-known trappings of romantic and mystical art, "only a clever way of putting things together." The same thing in the field of literature could be said of Shakespeare's use of words, or Keats's.

In the "Digressions," "V." tells how, having in his boyhood painted a picture of a hole in a Brooklyn back yard, with a ladder sticking out of it, he added later two or three mortuary accessories, and, lo, "The Plague in Florence"! The anecdote is typical, and there is, perhaps, as high an order of vision in seeing "The Plague in Florence" in a ladder protruding from a hole, as in excogitating hole and ladder as characteristic details in a pestilential landscape. It is a fair question, too, whether the former process is not more secure of its effect. Certainly in Mr. Vedder's pictures—in his "Laz-

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arus," his "Cup of Death," or his "Soul Between Faith and Doubt"—the mood of fatalistic mystery is delineated with a startling force of statement, touched withal by a wistful tenderness that gives it a mellow, almost musical charm.

But whether or not he is a "literary painter," a clever putter of things together, and quite apart from the intrinsic interest and excellence of his work, many admirers of Mr. Vedder's pictures have felt that in them the imaginative man spoke more strongly than the painter. Now that we have in "The Digressions of V." a fluent and complete disclosure of personality, a disclosure nearly as complete in its way, and quite as interesting, as that of any classic diarist, the point becomes clearer. The book is a kind of autobiographic "David Copperfield" with a piquant suggestion of the method and manner of Sterne. Whoever reads it will know a singularly versatile and attractive personality in all its moods, merry or sad. As the author quaintly says towards its close, the reader "must know as much about me and my book by this time as the natives of Timbuctoo did about the missionary and his hymn-book too by the time they were through with him and his book."

Personal acquaintance with Mr. Vedder can add but little to the extraordinary life-likeness of his autobiography. In his chosen Roman setting, the man that one meets, with whom one smokes the full-scented *toscano*, fulfills entirely one's notion of the author of such an authentic and original book as the "Digressions of V.;" the painter of memorable pictures is not so evident at first; but if the eight-inch *toscano* is smoked to the bitter end, pretty nearly all the Vedders that make up the many-faceted personality of "V." are sure to appear. In the course of an afternoon the talk will range from anecdotes of Roman society to the art of William Blake or the possibility of perpetual motion; one of the weirdly compelling, subtly illustrated poems to the composition and embellishment of which he has given much time in recent years may be produced and eloquently read; or there may be an exhibition of the best method of teaching girls to waltz, executed with a light-footed grace that a leader of cotillions might envy.

ELIHU VEDDER IN HIS STUDIO

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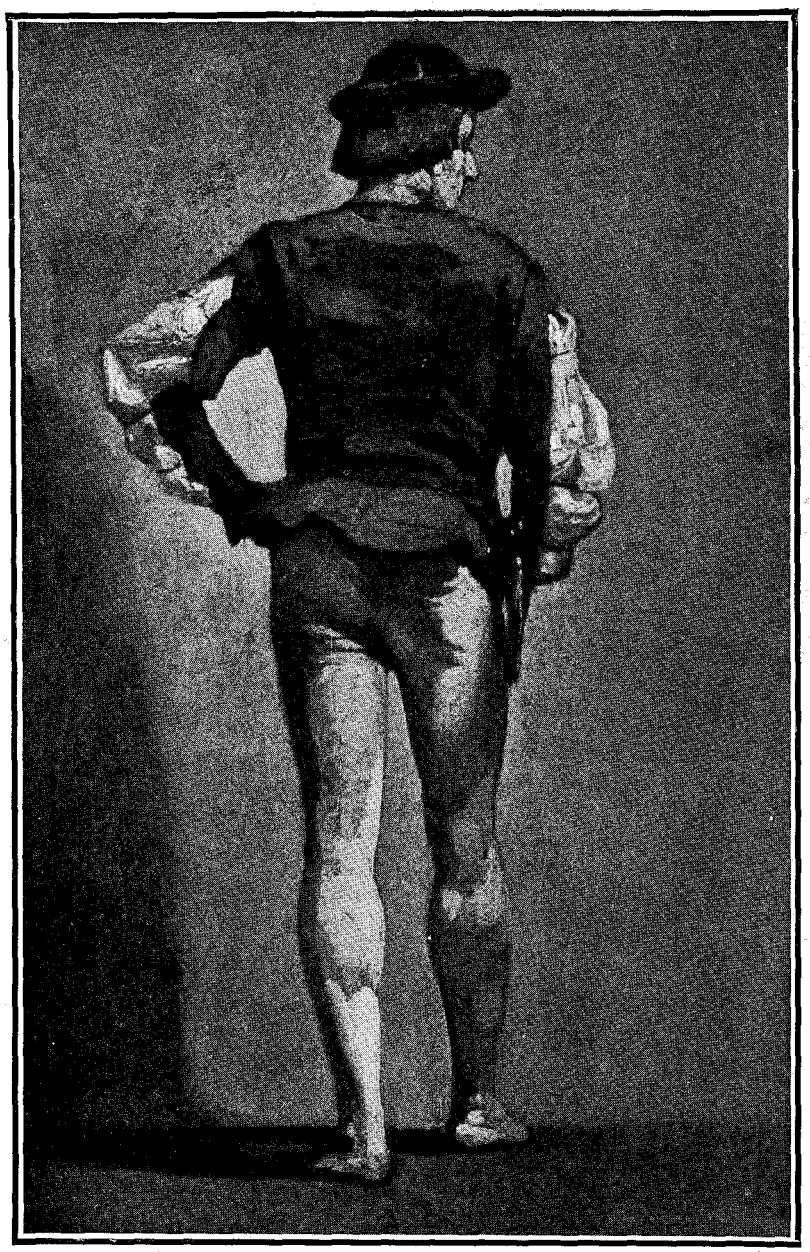

STUDY OF A YOUTH IN A RED JACKET

Blond, ruddy, genially leonine, various-voiced, the velvet-capped, soft-slippered figure of your host awakens your interest and stirs your imagination more deeply day by day. But, picturesque as the figure is to the eye, the ear is the main portal whereby the man enters your mind. Talk and yet more talk is the chief element of his spell, not unaided by woven paces and waving hands. In his apartments for many years, and until lately, in the street known as Capo le Case, "over the heads of the houses," as it were, rich with the accumulations of a lifetime devoted to the collection of odd and beautiful objects of every sort, the talk was likely to be anecdotal, reminiscential. In the great studio in the Via Flaminia, with

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"FAR BEYOND MAN'S UTMOST SIGHT"

its cool walled garden of roses, its vast store of sketches, clay models of works of sculpture, glass work, silver work, and drawings of strange inventions, shop-talk was more likely to be the order of the day—disjointed, reflective, always witty, always illuminating.

But best of all the present writer likes to remember certain drives or walks in the late afternoons beyond the gates across the Campagna to some wayside *osteria*. There, in a mud-paved courtyard, across a rude table set forth with eggs and wine of the country, with donkeys, goats, and dogs innumerable pressing close, the *toscano* to the fore, one heard, oblivious of malaria, the finest talk of all. The rich and mellow Roman twilight, the shadow rising on the encircling hills, the intimate sights and sounds and scents of the old Italian country life, would stir strange moods—immemorial pagan moods, perhaps, of kinship with Pan and his people. The sadness that is ever near to age, especially to temperamental age in alien lands, would be merged in a deeper, softer, more general sentiment of wise and humorous introspection, and there would be digressions of "V." never to be cast in type, but, in every best sense of the word, Literature.

There was something in these scenes that always reminded the writer of "The Fighting Téméraire." A valiant old battle-ship, cruiser in many seas, was being towed along through the blaze of a Turner sunset by a perhaps too impatient tug to the safe anchorage of a "publishing proposition." It was, I am afraid, a rather trying experience for the Téméraire, but it was a memorable one for the Tug.

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White Peacocks

By Edmund L. Pearson

With Drawings by Ethel Pennewill Brown

THE peacocks' bedtime was an hour of unusual interest. They gathered about sunset around a large apple tree which stood near one corner of the farm-house. There was much strutting and spreading of tails among the gentlemen of the party; the peahens moved about nervously, but with less ostentation. Both sexes raised discordant shrieks from time to time, for no purpose that we could discover. Jimmy Toppan and I considered the peacocks eminent among the attractions of his grandmother's farm. They did not really belong on that farm, but were the property of Mr. Bartlett, who lived at some distance. We judged that the owner of such exotic fowls must possess the wealth of Ormus and of Ind. The birds themselves were indifferent in the matter of domicile, and spent most of the day and all of the night on the Toppans' land. When, one by one, they had taken up their roosting-places in the tree, they made an impressive spectacle, especially after night had fallen, and seemed to bring the jungles of Hindustan to our very doors.

But the peacocks were by no means all that made that farm perhaps the most fortunate spot on earth to our fancy. Historians and antiquaries might deny that it had been the scene of a proper Indian raid. *We* could see the loopholes from which the flintlocks had been fired, and mark the small window whence a dipperful of molten lead was poured to discourage an Indian whose anxiety to come inside the house made him indiscreet. I have never heard any of the slaves to fact assert that the farm-house might not have seen the tomahawk flashing about its walls and heard the war-whoop ring out. It was there in the days of tomahawks and war-whoops. If the Indians had been so inconsiderate as to pass it by, we were not going to let that trouble us. Certainly, a plow seldom turned the earth of the adjoining meadow without bringing to light a flint arrow-tip or the head of a stone ax—weapons which even the scientific historian might hesitate to attribute to the ministers and deacons of Puritan times.

There was the meadow itself, an enormous tract of land, as it appeared to us. In it somewhere dwelt the lord of the herd, a legendary bull whose uncertain temper might be aroused by the sight of a small boy wearing a plaid necktie with a single spot of red in it. He could detect this spot at half a mile, and the boy had better make for the nearest fence and affect blue neckties exclusively henceforth. Thus the crossing of the meadow had that spice of danger without which life is tasteless. There were other reasons for crossing the meadow besides the mere braving of the bull. At its foot was a pond, rich in mud of primeval blackness, and well stocked with turtles and "green-leapers." Farther on was a bog and wood, deep and gloomy as the magic forest of Broceliande, and not less pleasing to us because it went by the more homely name of Pettingell's Swamp. Crows built their nests in its trees, and without its borders jack-in-the-pulpit held his springtime services. Beyond this, more meadows—salt ones this time; then the river, the sand-dunes, and the ocean.

The barns about the farm-house were full of sweet-smelling hay. You could bore long tunnels through this, and come out with your hair full of dust and spiders' webs. Certain cocks of salt hay stood outside. By climbing to the top of one of them, sitting down, and sliding to the bottom you could enjoy an exhilarating exercise. It is only fair to say, however, that the salt water and occasional bit of mud which gave the hay its slipperiness had a deleterious effect upon knickerbockers, and furnished relatives with a subject for wearisome jest which dieth never.

Yet with all these methods of entertain-

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ment, the peacocks remained in a class by themselves. They inspired a feeling of awe and mystery because of their radiant plumage and reputed value. It was the veneration which we felt toward the whole tribe that turned so quickly to terror in the matter of the white peacock.

The adventure flashed on us suddenly, and gave us no chance for preparation. In a sand-pit beyond the orchard it was the immemorial custom to build fires and roast potatoes and other eatables. Marks of fires long dead showed us that the practice extended far back, perhaps to the boys of prehistoric times, or to those whose fathers had shot the arrows whereof the flint heads lay beneath the surface of the meadow. Potatoes and apples were placed in the hot embers, and removed at the end of about twenty minutes. The apples were, by this time, roasted not wisely but too well. The potatoes had an outer region of softness, but at heart were firm and unyielding. Both were so covered with wood ashes that their consumption left streaks of soot all about the vicinity of the mouth, extending back even to the ears.

Potatoes and apples, thus prepared, had palled upon us. We sought for variety in the bill of fare, and one morning Jimmy proposed eggs.

"At clam-bakes they roast eggs in hot seaweed," declared Jimmy. The idea was worthy, but eggs were not so easy to procure. A visit to the hen-house proved that the day's supply had already been gathered. Then, though Robinson Crusoe would hardly have done it, we applied at the kitchen. But Grandmother Toppan, who might have humored our whim, was away from home. The Power, temporarily in command, dismissed our request brusquely:

"Ye byes git outer here, now, or I'll be afther takin' the paddle to yez."

We did not know what paddle was referred to, but we gathered we had leave to withdraw. We wondered if Robinson Crusoe ever met with humiliating rebuffs like that. It was impossible; no tyrannous cook could lord it over him, so long as he carried that long gun. But we had no gun, so in dejection and despair we wandered again toward the sand-pit. As we crossed the orchard a startling event occurred. Some large bird rustled off through the long grass, and in the little round hollow where she had been sitting gleamed four white objects. It was enough to renew our trust in the gods who favor the romantic in their everlasting encounters with the practical folk of the world. For here were eggs! And eggs obtained under conditions that our friend Crusoe need not have scorned. To us the adventure said in no unmistakable tones: Abase yourself not before cooks when your spoil is at hand. Trust Providence, as did the Swiss Family Robinson.

We hurried to the sand-pit, kindled the fire, and put in the eggs. I refuse to dwell upon their condition when we took them out, or on the difficulty attendant upon eating the two that remained unbroken, or on what these tasted like. People who think that the carnal joy of eating is of much importance at these camp-fires have vulgar, prosaic minds. The mysteries of the believing years were never disclosed to them. We heard the dinner-bell ringing just as we disposed of the second egg, and we hurried toward the house. Ten minutes later (for it takes some time to remove from one's face and hands the evidences of a feast of roasted eggs) we appeared at the dinner-table. It was a long one, with Uncle William at one end, Uncle Charley at the other. The eggs had not spoiled our appetites, and we ate with nothing to disturb our pleasure up to the point when blueberry pie came on. Then Uncle William, his carving duties over, and his own share of the dinner consumed, leaned back in his chair and addressed Uncle Charley:

"I was over at Bartlett's last night."

"That so?" returned Uncle Charley. "Did you speak about the peacocks?"

"About the peahen that's setting in the orchard? Yes. He knew she had been setting there on nothing for three days. The eggs came from New York yesterday, and he said he was going to send Foley over with them this morning."

Aunt Ellen showed an interest in the conversation. "Eggs from New York?" she queried.

"Yes," replied Uncle William; "from the Zoo. They're peacocks' eggs. White peacocks, too. They cost him ten dollars apiece—forty dollars for the four. I told him 'twas a risky thing to leave them

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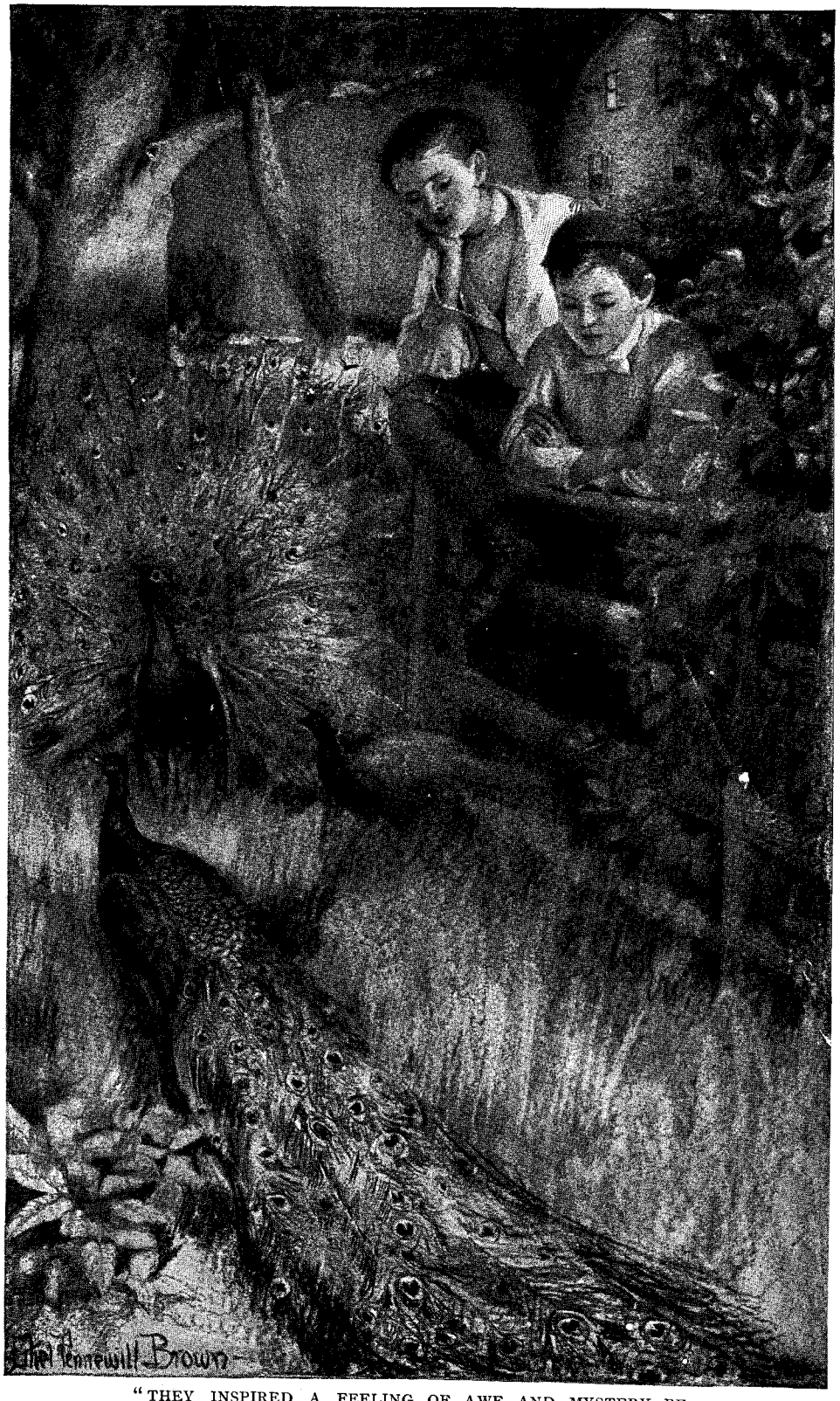

"THEY INSPIRED A FEELING OF AWE AND MYSTERY BECAUSE OF THEIR RADIANT PLUMAGE AND REPUTED VALUE"

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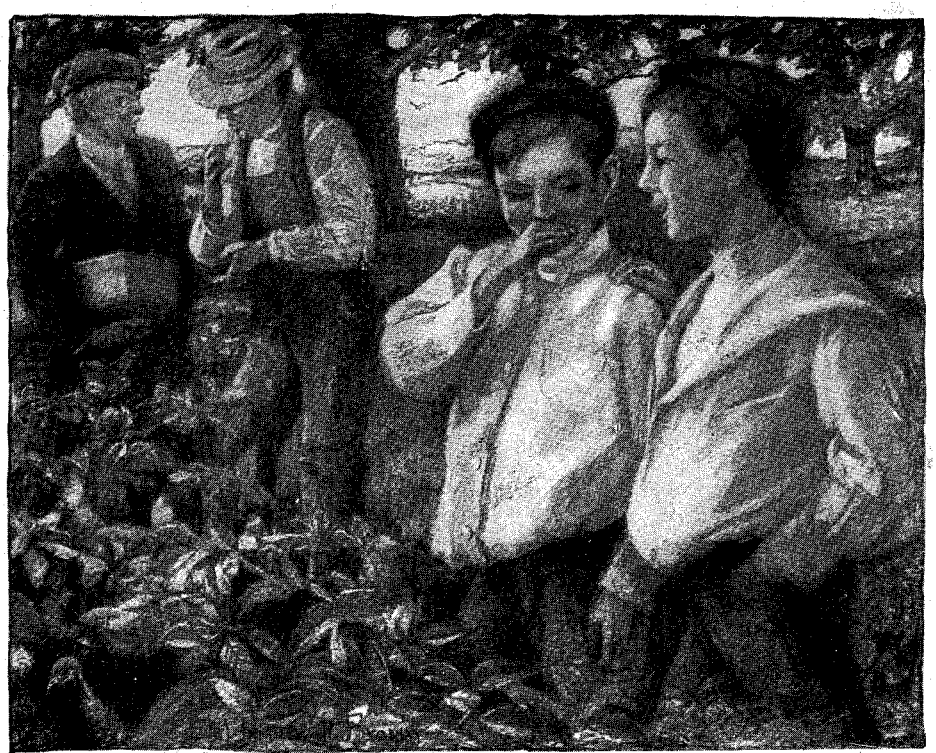

"HERE SHE IS, SORR. AN' SETTIN' ON NOTHIN' AGAIN. PHWHERE'S THIM DUCKS' EGGS GONE"

out in the orchard. Said *I* wouldn't be responsible. Bartlett said the peahen wouldn't set anywhere else. He'd have to take the chance. What are you going to do with a man like that ?"

I glanced out of the corner of my eye at Jimmy Toppan. He was trying to insert a piece of blueberry pie in his mouth. Three times he made the attempt, and each time his aim was poor. I had a feeling as if my chair were sinking beneath me. The dining-room and the whole family of Toppans revolved about me in a blur.

Peacock's eggs ! Forty dollars !

I have no recollection of the rest of the meal. The elder Toppans talked together, I believe, but on what subject I have not the faintest notion. In five or six minutes Jimmy Toppan and I were safely over the fence and running across the meadow. We had to stop once or twice for breath, but we covered the distance to the wooded swamp in record time. Back of a large oak, where we were nearly covered by ferns, we stopped and panted.

Jimmy spoke first. "They don't hang people under sixteen years old," he said.

"Are you sure ?"

"I'm sure," he replied.

"They put 'em in prison, though," I remarked, "for life !"

"What'll we do ?" asked Jimmy.

We debated the question from every point of view. Of one thing we were determined : we would never be taken alive.

"There's that circus that's coming to-morrow," I suggested. "Don't you suppose we could join that ?"

"Like Toby Tyler ? He had a horrible time !"

"It's better than stayin' all your life in a dungeon on bread and water hollowed out of the living rock," I reminded him.

"I'd have to go home first and get my decalcomania book," Jimmy stipulated.

"Well, that will be all right ; I'll get my punch."

About my most cherished possession was a discarded punch, formerly used by a real conductor on a train. It seemed that I ought not to present myself to the

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circus people empty-handed if Jimmy was going to bring his book of decalcomanias. It struck me that I might be especially welcome, as a ticket-taker, if I had a punch. I could work in that capacity while I was learning to ride bareback, or qualifying for the position of ring-master, or perhaps—so high do one's air castles tower—that of clown! Why not? Others had achieved it.

We decided to leave our refuge in the swamp, sneak up the meadow, pass the farm by a back route, and so to the high-road and home. Then, separating long enough to get the decalcomania book and the punch, we could camp for the night in Davenport's field, and join the circus in the morning. By the time the peacocks' eggs were missed we would be far away.

The first part of the plan was carried out. We crossed the meadow stealthily, creeping a greater part of the way on our hands and knees. Once in a while, when this got tiresome, we would rise and walk in the normal fashion, which was probably just as safe, for there was no one within half a mile. As we slunk by the rear of the barn we came suddenly on Mr. Bartlett and his man, Foley. There was no time to run. Mr. Bartlett addressed us genially.

"Hullo, boys! Want to see something? Look in this box. Peacock's eggs—white peacocks, too. Very rare. We're going to set them under that peahen in the orchard. I suppose she's there all right, Foley?"

"Yis, sorr. She was at foive o'clock this marning, sorr. Oi give her four ducks' eggs to kape her contínted-loike."

"All right, then. Come on, boys. We'll see how she's getting on. We'll have to set a guard around her while she hatches these out. They're too valuable to risk. Do you suppose she'd stand for it if we put up a little tent around her, Foley? Big nuisance she won't set in some convenient place."

Mr. Bartlett and Foley walked on ahead, discussing ways and means for protecting the peahen against marauders. We followed, a dozen steps behind. The shadow of the dungeon fell no longer upon our path, and there was no necessity for joining the circus. We did not admit it to each other, but we felt it to be a happy release.

In a moment we heard Foley's voice. "Here she is, sorr. An' settin' on nothin' again. Phwhere's thim ducks' eggs gone, Oi dunno? Somebody's shtole thim, fir the birrd niver ate thim, shills an' all. 'Twill niver do to lave thim ixpinsive eggs here, sorr!"

Jimmy Toppan and I maintained expressions of innocent wonder.

EVERGREEN

BY NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

Deep in the snows, heaped to his lowest branches,
Lonely and tranquil stands the lofty fir,
Slowly, with silent alchemy, distilling
Odors of musk, of frankincense and myrrh;
Dusky his plumes, in solemn cadence waving,
Timed to the music that the north wind brings;
Strong is his heart, in quiet courage braving
What may befall of winter's darts and stings.

Heavenward pointing with his shining fingers,
Wearing his garb of everlasting green,
So is he monarch over all the woodland,
Sovereign in soul and sovereign in mien.
Fir tree of song, of legend, and of story,
Come to our dwellings with thy fragrant breath;
Teach us thy lore, the secret of thy glory,
By endless growth to triumph over death!

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THE EISTEDDFOD

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

IT was the first morning of the Eisteddfod in September, and I sat by the window working and glancing away from my work to a hillside up which led narrow steps to the summits above, among which were hidden away some half a dozen tiny villages. Colwyn Bay, where the Eisteddfod was to be held, was—as the crow does *not* fly—about forty miles distant. It was a glorious morning of sunshine in which gleamed the river, glossy beaches and pines, and little whitewashed Welsh cottages. As I looked there began to emerge from the steps a stream of people; down and down they came, bright in their pretty dresses or shining in their black Sunday-best broadcloth. All those mountain hamlets up above, reached by roads passable only for mountain ponies, were sending their men, women, and children to the Welsh festival of song and poetry.

Talking and excited about who would be chaired as bard, who would be crowned, what female choir would win in the choral contests, what male choir, and discussing a thousand little competitions, even to a set of insertions for sheet shams and towels, the train bore us swiftly through the Vale of Conway, beside the river, past Caerhûn, the once ancient city of Canovium, past Conway Castle with its harp-shaped walls still surrounding the town, and so to Colwyn Bay.

There all these enthusiastic people who had climbed down a hill to take the train climbed up another to see the first Gorsedd ceremony. As we passed, from one of the cottages was heard the voice of a woman screaming in great excitement: "Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Jones, come to the front door quickly! There's some people going by; they're dressed in blue and white. Och, Mrs. Jones, they're MEN!" The procession, fully aware that Mrs. Jones, and all the little Joneses and all the big and middling Joneses too, had come, went on gravely up, up, up the hill to *Y Fanerig* (the Flagstaff), where stood the Maen Llog of the Gorsedd and its encircling stones. The paths were steep, and even bards and druids are subject to *embonpoint*. Old Eos Dar, who can sing pennillion with never a pause for breath, lost his "wind," and the Bearer of the Great Sword of the Gorsedd was no more to be found. A Boy Scout, perhaps thinking of Scott's minstrel who said,

"The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old,"

was despatched down hill after him, and found him and the sword, arm in arm, lagging comfortably behind. Druidical deportment is astonishingly human at times, especially under an umbrella. But the hilltop achieved and "wind" recovered, the bards soberly made their way into the druidical circle of stones that surround the great Gorsedd stone. Nowhere, as the Archdruid remarked, had the bardic brotherhood been brought nearer heaven.

From the summit, north, east, south, west, the soft valleys, the towering mountains, the secluded villages, the shining rivers, and the great sea were visible. And there on this hilltop the bards, druids, and ovates, dressed in blue and white and green robes, celebrated rites only less old than the Eye of Light itself. After the sounding of the trumpet (*Corn Gwlad*) the Gorsedd prayer was recited in Welsh:

"Grant, O God, Thy Protection;
And in Protection, Strength;
And in Strength, Understanding;
And in Understanding, Knowledge;
And in Knowledge, the Knowledge of Justice;
And in the Knowledge of Justice, the Love of it;
And in that Love, the Love of all Existences;
And in the Love of all Existences, the Love of God.
God and all Goodness."

Then the Archdruid, Dyfed, standing upon the Gorsedd stone and facing the east, unsheathed the great sword, crying out thrice, "*Aoes Heddwch*" (Is it

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WELSH WOMEN KNITTING

peace?); and the bards and ovates replied, "*Heddwch!*" (Peace!)

This is not the place in which to take up any controversial points. There are some scholars who question the "identity of the bardic Gorsedd with the druidic system." The Welsh Gorsedd, this side of the controversial point, is forty centuries old, and, in all conscience, that is old enough. Diodorus, the Sicilian, wrote: "There are, among the Gauls, makers of verses whom they name bards. There are also certain philosophers and theologists, exceedingly esteemed, whom they call druids." Strabo, the geographer, says: "Amongst the whole of the Gauls three classes are especially held in distinguished honor—the bards, the prophets, and the druids. The bards are singers and poets, the prophets are sacrificers and philosophers, but the druids, besides physiology, practiced ethical philosophy." As far back as we can look in the life of the Cymru, poetry, song, and theology have been inextricably woven together. The Gorsedd was then formally for the Welsh people what it still is informally—a popular university, a law court, a parliament. The modern Gorsedd, with its twelve stones, is supposed to represent the signs of the zodiac through which the sun passes, with a central stone, called the Maen Llog, in the position of the sacrificial fire in the druidical temple. A close reverence for nature, a certain pantheism in the cult of the druids, shows itself in various ways:

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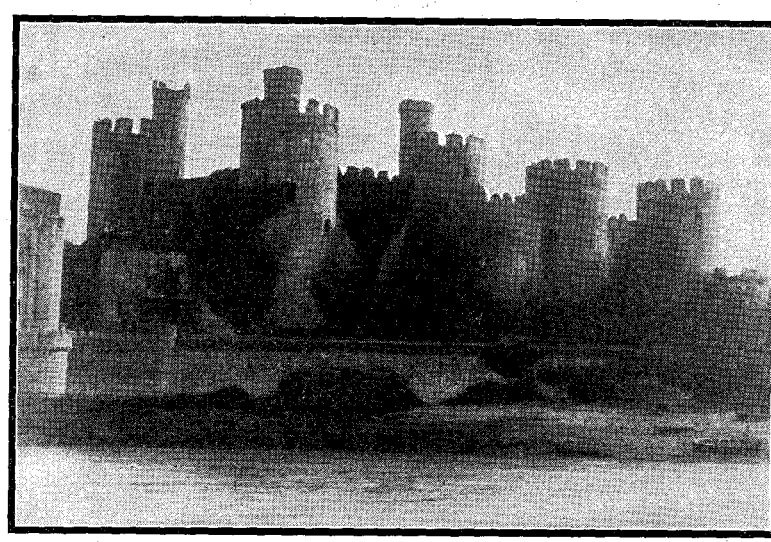

CONWAY CASTLE, WHERE THE EISTEDDFOD WAS HELD IN 1906

in the belief that the oak tree was the home of the god of lightning; that mistletoe, which usually grows upon the oak, was a mark of divine favor. The most prominent symbol of the Gorsedd is the "Broad Arrow," or "mystic mark," which represents the rays of light the druids worshiped. Even the colors of the robes of the druids, ovates, and bards are full of a characteristic worship of nature—the druids in white, symbolical of the purity of truth and light, the ovates in green, like the life and growth of nature, the bards in blue, the hue of the sky, and in token of the loftiness of their calling.

Up there on the hilltop, with its vast panorama of hill and valley, sea and sky, time was as nothing. The Gorsedd became again the democratic and Welsh Witenagemot, and there still were represented the mountain shepherd, the pale collier, the lusty townsman, the gentle knight, the expounder of law, the teacher, and the priest. But if upon the hill time was as nothing, down below in the gigantic Eisteddfod pavilion some ten thousand people were waiting. "Gallant little Wales," which has certainly awakened from its long sleep, was past the period of rubbing its eyes. It was shouting and calling for the Eisteddfod ceremonies to begin, perhaps as the folks in Caerwys had called impatiently in the days of the twelfth century, or again in the same town in the days of Elizabeth—the last a memorable Eisteddfod, when a commission was appointed by Elizabeth herself to check the bad habits of a crowd of lazy, illiterate bards who went about the country begging.

That great Eisteddfodic pavilion, where the people were waiting good-naturedly but impatiently, is primarily a place of music. Even as in the world, so in Wales music comes first in the hearts of mankind and poetry second. And it may be, since music is more social and democratic, that the popular preference is as it should be. The human element in all that happens at a Welsh Eisteddfod is robust and teeming with enthusiasm. It is true that prize-taking socks, shawls, pillow-shams, and such homely articles no longer hang in festoons above the platform as they did some twenty or thirty years ago. Now the walls are gayly decorated with banners bearing thousands of spiteful-looking dragons, and pennants inscribed with the names of scores of famous Welshmen and with such mottoes as "*Y Gwir yn Erbyn y Byd*" (the truth against the world), "*Gwlad y Mabinogion*" (the land of the Mabinogion), "*Calon wrth Galon*" (heart with heart), and others.

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THE ARCHDRUID, THE BARD, AND THE HARPIST AT THE GORSEDD STONE

After the procession of dignitaries was seated upon the platform a worried-looking bard began to call out as prizes every conceivably useful thing under the sun, among them a clock-tower, which he seemed to be in need of himself as a rostrum for his throat-splitting yells. During these announcements the choirs were filing in, a pretty child with a 'cello much larger than herself was taking off her hat and coat, a stiff, self-conscious young man was bustling about with an air of self-importance, and in the front, just below the platform, sat newspaper reporters from all over the United Kingdom busy at their work. Among them were the gray, the young, the weary, the dusty, the smart, the shabby, and one who wore a wig, but made up in roses in his button-hole for what he lacked in hair. There were occasional cheers as some local prima donna entered the choir seats, and many jokes from the anxious-looking master of ceremonies.

At last the first choir was assembled, and a little lady, somebody's good mother, mounted upon a chair. The choir began to sing:

"Come, sisters, come,
Where light and shadows mingle,
And elves and fairies dance and sing,
Upon the meadow land."

The little lady never worked harder—her baton, her hands, her head, her lips, her eyes, were all busy. Was it the Celtic spirit that made those elves and fairies seem to dance upon the meadows, or did they really dance? The next choir was composed of younger women, among them many a beauty-loving face, alas! too pale, and telling of the hard life of the hills or of the harder life of some mining town. Of the third choir the leader was a merry little man, scarcely as high as the leader's stand, with a wild look in his twinkling eyes as he waved a baton and the choir began:

"Far beneath the stars we lie,
Far from gaze of mortal eye,
Far beneath the ocean swell,
Here we merry mermaids dwell."

He believed not only in his choir but also in those mermaidens, and so did the little lad, not much bigger than Hoffman when he first began to tour, who played the accompaniment. When that choir went out, a fourth came in, still inviting the sisters to come. At last the sisters not only came but also decided to stay, and another choir lured the sailor successfully to his doom and all was over, for even in choir tragedies there must be an end to the song. The gallant little mother had won the first prize. It takes the mothers

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to win prizes, and the audience thought so too. The crowd yelled and stamped with delight.

When one asks one's self whether such a State as Massachusetts, for example, could be brought to send its people from every farm, every valley, every hilltop, to a festival thousands strong, day after day for a whole week, one realizes how tremendous a thing this Welsh national enthusiasm is. Educationally nothing could be a greater movement for Wales. To the Welsh the beauty of worship, of music, of poetry, are inseparable. Only so can this passion for beauty which brings multitudes together to take part in all that is noblest and best in Welsh life be explained. Only so can you understand why some young collier, pale and work-worn, sings with his whole soul and shakes with the song within him even as a bird shakes with the notes that are too great for its body. These Welsh sing as if music were all the world to them, and in it they forget the world. Behind the passion of their song lies a devout religious conviction, and their words sweep up in praise and petition to an Almighty God who listens to Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" as well as to some great hymn. To hear ten thousand Welsh people singing "Land of My Fathers," each taking naturally one of the four parts and all singing in perfect harmony, is to have one of the great experiences of life. To hear Shelley's "Ode" set to Elgar's music and sung by several choirs, to hear that wild, far-traveling wind sweep along in a tumult of harmonies, to know that every heart there was a lyre to even the least breath of that wind, to hear that last cry,

"O wind,
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

to listen again to those choirs late in the evening on the station platform, with the sea dim and vast and muting the song to its own greater music, is to have felt in the Welsh spirit what no tongue can describe—it is to understand the meaning of the word "*hwyl*," that untranslatable word of a passionate emotionalism.

All that went on behind the scenes the audience could not know. They saw only those considered by the adjudicators fit to survive. They did not see the six blind people, for even the blind have their place in this great festival, who entered the little school-room off Abergele Road to take the preliminary tests, the girl who played "The Harmonious Blacksmith," and, trembling from excitement and holding on to her guide, was led away unsuccessful. They did not see the lad who played "Men of Harlech" crudely, his anxious, aging, work-worn mother sitting beside him holding his stick and nodding her head in approval. All they heard were a selected two who were considered by the judges fit to play, a man both blind and deaf who performed a scherzo of Brahms and a Carnarvon sea captain, now blind, who played on the violin. The quiet face laid against the violin, the peace and pleasure in the lines about the sightless eyes,

THE ARCHDRUID AND EOS DAR ON THE LOGAN STONE

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would have repaid the whole audience, even if the violinist had not been an exceptionally good player.

One of the inspiring and amusing events of the week was the discovery of a great contralto. A young girl, shabbily dressed and ill at ease, came on to sing. Everything was being pressed forward towards the crowning of the bard, one of the great events of the Eisteddfod. People were impatient and somewhat noisy. But as the girl began to sing they quieted down, then they listened with wonder, and in a minute you could have heard a pin drop in that throng of ten thousand. Before she had finished singing "Jesu, Lover of my Soul," the audience knew that it had listened to one of the great singers of the world. When she had finished her song and unclasped her hands, she became again nothing more than an awkward, silly, giggling child whom Llew Tegid had to hold by the arm.

The audience shouted, "What's her name?"

"Maggie Jones," he replied; "that begins well."

"Where does she come from?" demanded the crowd.

"Police station," answered Llew Tegid, lugubriously.

The audience roared with laughter and demanded the name of the town. Maggie Jones is the daughter of Police Superintendent Jones, of Pwllheli, North Wales.

There are children at these Eisteddfodau whose little feet can scarcely reach to the pedals of a harp. Even the robins singing up in the high pavilion roof who had joined in the music from time to time, trilling joyously to Handel's "Oh, had I Jubal's lyre," twittered with surprise that anything so small could play anything so large. They twittered madly when, at the stroke of the harp, some sturdy little Welshmen stepped into the pennillion-singing, no more to be daunted than a child stepping into rope-skipping. When the grown-ups had finished, two little children came forward and sang in North Wales style.

The afternoon was growing later and later, and it was high time for the identity of the bard of the crown poem to be disclosed. At last, with due pomp, the name of the young bard was announced—the Rev. W. Crwys Williams, a Congregational minister. Every one looked to see where he might be sitting. At last he was found sitting modestly in the rear of the big pavilion, and there were shouts of "*Dyma fo!*" (Here he is!). Two bards came down and escorted him to the platform, where all the druids, ovates, and bards were awaiting him. The band, the trumpeter, the harp, and the sword now performed their services, the sun slanting down through the western windows on to this bardic pageant. The sparrows flew in and out of the sunlight, unafraid of the dragons that waved about them, and the bands that played beneath them, and the great sword held sheathed over the young bard's head. The sword was bared three

THE GORSEDD CIRCLE ON Y FANERIG

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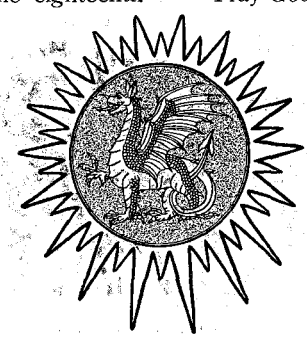
times and sheathed again as all shouted, "*Heddwch!*" The bard was crowned, and the whole audience rose to the Welsh national song.

What is the meaning of this unique festival of poetry and song? Mr. Lloyd-George, who had escaped from the din of battle outside and the jeers of the Goths and Vandals who couldn't or wouldn't understand the Fourth Form, said, amidst laughter, that there was no budget to raise taxes for the upkeep of the Eisteddfod. Then he continued: "The bards are not compelled by law to fill up forms. There is no conscription to raise an army from the ranks of the people to defend the Eisteddfod's empire in the heart of the nation. And yet, after the lapse of generations, the Eisteddfod is more alive than ever. Well, of what good is she? I will tell you one thing—she demonstrates what the democracy of Wales can do at their best. The democracy has kept her alive; the democracy has filled her chairs; the sons of the democracy compete for her honors. I shall never forget my visit to the Llangollen Eisteddfod two years ago. When crossing the hills between Flintshire and the valley of the Dee, I saw their slopes darkened with the streams of shepherds and cottagers and their families going towards the town. What did they go to see? To see a man of their nation honored for a masterpiece of poetry. . . . And the people were as quick to appreciate the points as any expert of the Gorsedd, and wonderfully responsive to every lofty thought." Yes, unlike any other gathering in the world, the Eisteddfod is all that. Long ago, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, Iolo Morganwg stated the objects of Welsh bardism: "To reform the morals and customs; to secure peace; to praise (or encourage) all that is good or excellent." This national festival is the popular university of the people, it is the center of Welsh nationalism, the feast of Welsh brotherhood. Only listened to in this spirit can one understand what it means when an Eisteddfodic throng, after the crowning of the bard, rises to sing "*Hen Wlad fy Nhadau*:"

"Old land that our fathers before us held dear,
Land of heroes, song-lovers, that sang away fear;
To-day call their fame from the grave where they stood
For freedom and gave their heart-blood.
Chorus:
Land, land,
Too fondly I love thee, dear land!
Till warring sea and shore be gone,
Pray God let the old tongue live on.

Old mountain-built Cymru, the bard's paradise,
The farm in the *cwm*, the wild crag in the skies,
The river that winds, have entwined tenderly
With a love spell my spirit in me.
(*Chorus*)

If the enemy smote thee, dear land, as they said,
The old tongue hath risen, to speak from the dead;
Not a song could the traitor's hand hurt of thy mirth,
Nor break the small harp at thy hearth.
Chorus:
Land, land,
Cymru we call thee, dear land!
Till warring sea and shore be gone,
Pray God let the old tongue live on."



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Making Bad Boys Into Good Men

By Frank Marshall White

CAPTAIN GRACE peered over his wheel in the pilot-house as he brought the tender Refuge up to her pier at the foot of East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street in New York on a fine Sunday morning last September—as he has done Sunday and week-days for more than fifty years—and, as his keen glance took in a group of boys awaiting his craft, who hailed him with jest and laughter, he murmured: "Well, it certainly beats me how he does it."

Captain Grace had previously carried every one of those boys from that same pier to the landing before the House of Refuge on Randall's Island, a quarter of a mile distant, with almost the certitude that, as they were depraved and desperate young ruffians then, they were bound to develop into lifelong criminals; would doubtless spend the greater part of their lives in prison, and die there or in the electric chair. One of those boys on the pier had committed a burglary and fatally shot a woman when he was only twelve years of age; in the Catholic Protectory, where he was committed, he had stabbed a priest; and in a fight with another boy with knives in the House of Refuge, to which he had been transferred, had himself received a wound whereby he lay at the point of death for weeks. Five of the nineteen years of his life had been lived in close confinement, because any measure of liberty given him had meant actual danger to those about him. The other boys on the pier had each one been guilty of what would have been, had the offenders reached an age of responsibility, aggravated crimes—in many cases often repeated. Murderous assaults, arson, burglary, highway robbery, pocket-picking, are among the offenses that send youthful malefactors to Randall's Island. In fact, the boys committed to the care of the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents, which maintains the House of Refuge, are those who, by the process of sifting through the streets, the truant schools, the courts, and other disciplinary institutions, have finally been condemned as absolutely the worst in the State. At present, too, a more incorrigi-

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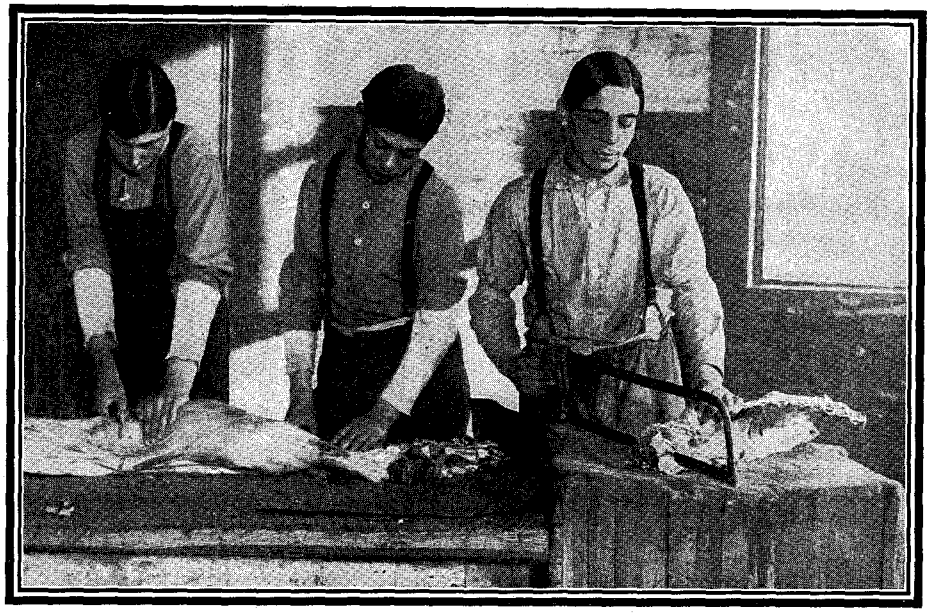

TRAINING FOR THE BUTCHER SHOP

ble lot of boys in the aggregate than ever before are being sent to the institution on Randall's Island, since, by reason of the establishment of the Children's Courts, many potential inmates have been released on suspended sentences and probation, and it is the least hardened who have thus escaped.

As has been intimated, Captain Grace has been carrying bad boys between the ages of twelve and sixteen to Randall's Island for more than half a century; and as—until the introduction of the parole system by the new superintendent in 1905—on their being released at the age of twenty-one, he had been accustomed to hear, if indeed he heard anything at all about them, only of their entering in turn the Elmira Reformatory and a State prison, it is not altogether surprising that he should confess himself at a loss to understand just how the new superintendent had brought about the change in conditions. For the boys who during the last five years had been brought on board Captain Grace's boat, often by force, and sometimes even in irons, either sullen and defiant or overcome by grief, looking forward with terror to perhaps years of incarceration with its attendant miseries, now left the institution within a few months of their arrival; more strange still, they return of their own accord to visit the superintendent at varying periods, cheerful and happy, as anticipating a pleasure.

The physical aspect of Joseph P. Byers, the Superintendent of the House of Refuge who has wrought the miracle of transforming something like a thousand potential criminals into potential useful citizens during his incumbency of the office, does not bear the slightest resemblance to that of the disciplinarian of romance and the stage. He is a man of forty, with a pale, gentle, almost ascetic face, crowned by prematurely white hair, with a strong nose, firm chin, a broad, intellectual forehead, and a smile so winning and genuine, so instinct with sympathy and good will, that it would be a hardened and suspicious boy or man indeed who could look into his eyes and doubt his sincerity if he said he were his friend. To watch him go through the recreation ground of the Refuge while the boys are at play and note that every one of them greets him with a smile, to see him stop for a moment to talk with some particular lad, hooking a finger in the other's jacket as he says a word of encouragement, tends to the awakening of altruistic enthusiasm. Perhaps one of the secrets of his influence over the boys at Randall's Island is in the circumstance

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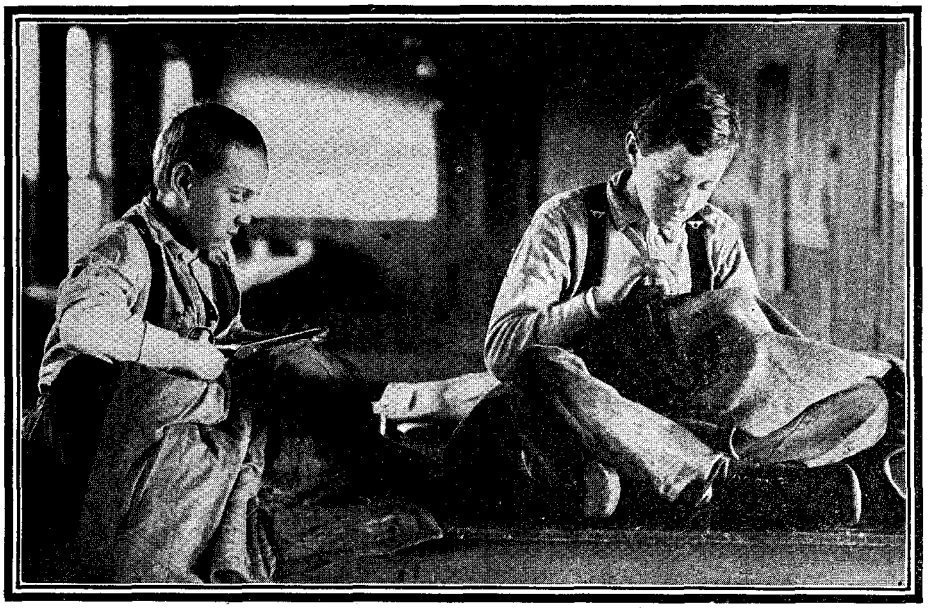

IN THE TAILOR SHOP

that he is an athlete who keeps up his training; that he is the only person they have ever seen bat a ball from the farther side of the big playground over the building that marks the opposite boundary.

The boys at the House of Refuge are classified in four divisions: The first, a primary division entirely in charge of women; the second composed of boys of intermediate age and development; the third of the older boys; the fourth division is of boys under discipline. The boys are given a course of instruction similar to that in the public schools, under competent women teachers. They are also taught trades, and are organized into an infantry regiment, special attention being given to physical drill, while including company and battalion drill and regimental evolutions, for the purpose of giving them a smart carriage and inculcating habits of neatness and respect for discipline. Under the new régime the Refuge regiment has gone to New York and taken part in drill competitions with the National Guardsmen at different armories, marching back and forth from the foot of East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street without the desertion of a soldier. An idea of the intelligence of the boys on Randall's Island, and of the value of their scholastic instruction, may be gathered from the circumstance that of forty-seven compositions submitted from the Refuge school in the New York "Times" Lincoln competition in February of last year nineteen were awarded prizes.

It is, however, to the parole work which he has so successfully established that Superintendent Byers attaches the greatest importance in the Randall's Island system. Boys may earn parole in fifteen months from the time of admission to the Refuge, though they are under control of the Superintendent until they reach the age of twenty-one, and must make written monthly reports to him up to that time. Mr. Byers sets apart Sunday mornings for visits from his charges thus at liberty, who are also encouraged to call upon him whenever in trouble or in need of assistance or advice. Some of the boys who attend the Sunday morning receptions have been sent for by the superintendent, who may have had bad reports as to their conduct, but in no circumstances does he ever detain a visitor who comes to the Refuge of his own volition or in response to a summons. Every boy has one more chance to "make good" after a Sunday call, no matter what his offense.

It was the privilege of the writer on this fine September Sunday, as it had

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been before, to be present at the levee at the Refuge and observe the relations existing between the Superintendent and his young friends. For friends they were, every one of them. Even those who had been sent for to be remonstrated with because of misconduct, and perhaps threatened with return to Randall's Island if they failed to improve, no matter how sullen and ill at ease they might have been on arrival, went away cheerful. Mr. Byers will talk to a boy for an hour, or as much longer as may be necessary, but he will not let him go away without having obtained his confidence and good will. Every grievance is listened to, and, unless so ridiculous as to be laughed away, investigation is promised and instructions immediately given to the probation officers to that effect. The Superintendent's attitude is never that of a judge with a culprit, but rather that of a father advising a son. Not one of the boys could fail to know that he had a warm interest in the individual welfare of each, because that interest actually existed and made itself felt. As for the boys themselves, it seemed incredible that the clear-eyed, well-behaved, and neatly dressed youngsters who were admitted one at a time to the Superintendent's room could have committed the offenses that stood against them in the records. One of the most promising of the visitors that day, a boy of eighteen, whose conduct for more than a year had been exemplary, had been arrested on serious charges five times before he was fifteen, and had been committed twice to truant schools, once to the City Reformatory, and once to the Catholic Protectory, before reaching the House of Refuge.

The first visitor to be ushered into the Superintendent's room that morning was a big, manly-looking young fellow, of so pronounced military bearing that it proclaimed his vocation although he was out of uniform. He had enlisted in the regular army soon after leaving the Refuge on probation, and had already won the first-class medal for good behavior. He was getting $18 per month; had sent such amounts as $10 and $25 home to his father several times, had over $100 in the bank, and had invested $53 in books for a correspondence course of instruction, with a view to obtaining eventually a clerical position. That the young man lacked one of the essential attributes of the average soldier was apparent when Mr. Byers asked him:

"Why didn't you wear your uniform over, and let the boys see you in it, and bring your medal?"

"Oh, the uniform makes you so sort of conspicuous in the street," he replied. "And you know I showed you the medal the last time I was here."

The youth had come for counsel. He would reach his majority in February, and his two-year enlistment term expired about the same time. He had intended to leave the army then; but, having heard recently that his regiment was likely to be ordered to the Philippines, he wanted to know what Mr. Byers thought of his enlisting for another two years and going with it, for the sake of seeing the country, and perhaps of finding a better business opportunity there than here. The project was discussed at some length, and when the young soldier departed he promised to return to see the Superintendent again before coming to a final decision.

Now entered a type of the native street arab, a boy of seventeen not looking more than fourteen, weazened and sharp of feature, with a knowing and humorous expression and bright eyes; altogether a rather attractive personality. He appeared somewhat shamefaced, however, and responded to Mr. Byers's cheery salutation without looking up.

"Sit right down there, Smith" (his name was not Smith, but it is manifestly unfair to mention names in such an article as this), said the Superintendent, gayly, "and tell me why I sent for you."

The boy made no response, and the man regarded him for some moments with a kindly, quizzical smile. "What's the matter?" he asked finally. "Are you scared?"

Smith shook his head and glanced up bashfully.

"Well, you don't need to be," said the Superintendent. "Come, now, tell me why you didn't send in your report last month."

It seemed that Smith had been out on probation six months, and had reported regularly up to the last month. When a

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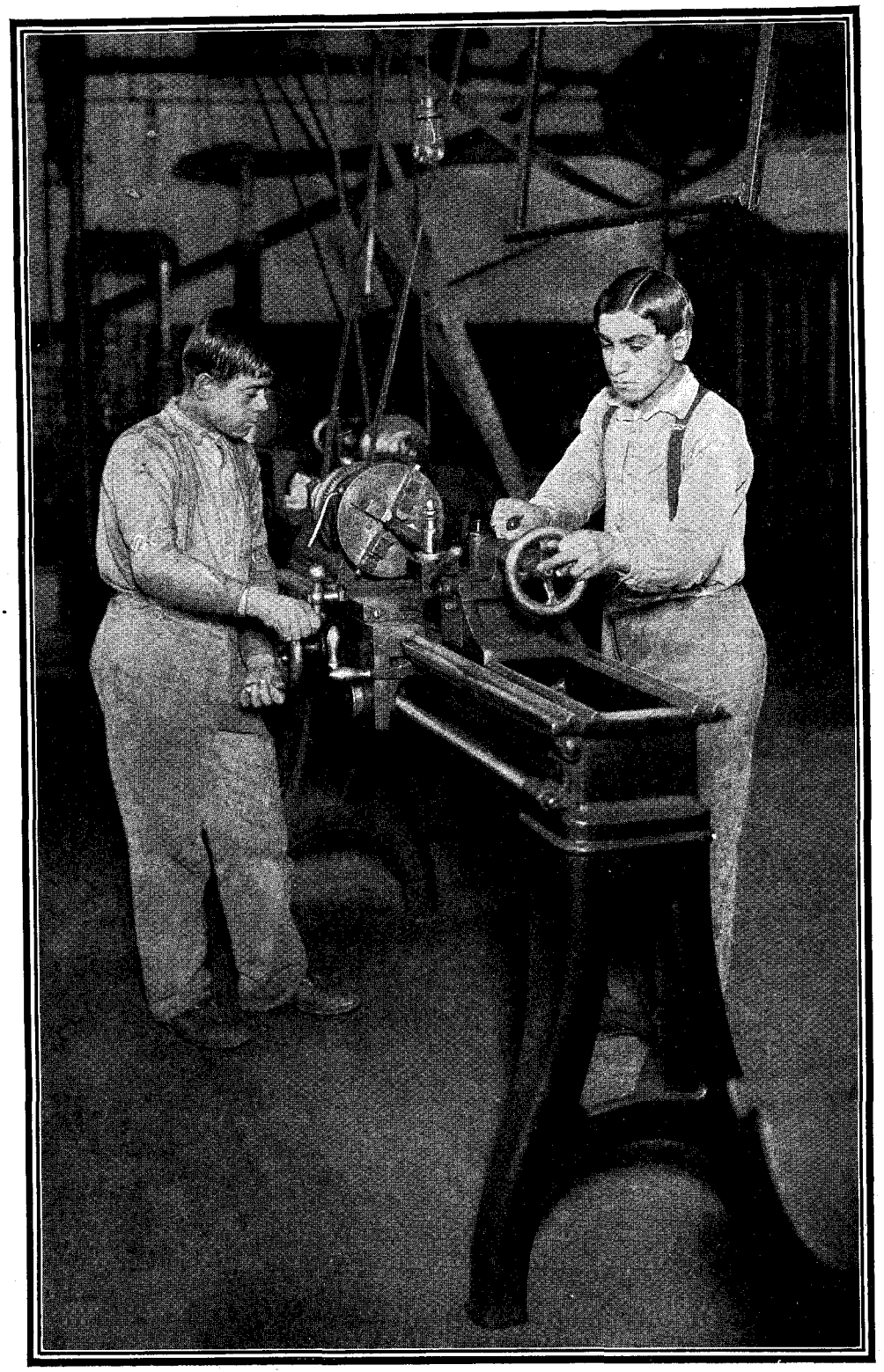

IN THE MACHINE SHOP

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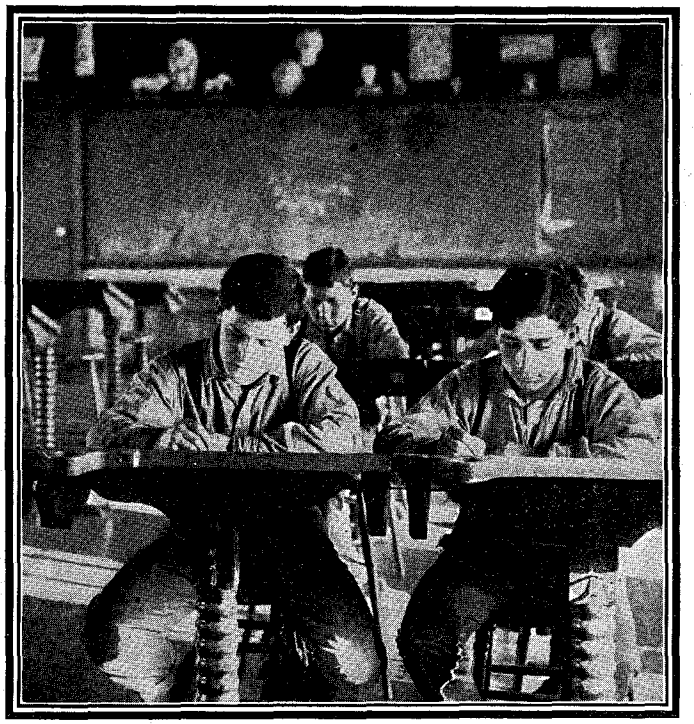

THE CLASS IN DRAWING

boy from the Refuge fails to make a report, there is reason to fear that he may have done something for which the police have locked him up, so that the delinquents are compelled to give a strict account of themselves when under suspicion. Smith, however, claimed that he had only "forgotten" to make his report, and that he had been at work for three months for an express company. The probation officer who had been searching for the boy had looked for him a great many times during the past two or three weeks at the express office, but had never been able to find him. He had not asked any questions there, however, because he might have thus made it known to the other employees that the lad had been in the House of Refuge, and that possibility is always avoided.

"Of course I work there," said Smith, suddenly recovering his voice. "The reason he didn't find me at the office is because I'm away with the wagons most of the time."

"You know, Smith," said Mr. Byers, still smiling, "I've had boys look me straight in the face just as you are doing and tell me things that were not so at all. Now, if you are joking, we'll call it a joke up to now, and you tell me the truth this time."

"This is all right what I'm telling you, Mr. Byers," said the boy, earnestly. "If you send round there at six o'clock to-morrow morning, you'll find me, and then I might not be there more than a few minutes at a time two or three times during the day. That's why the probation officer didn't see me."

"We'll send around to-morrow, and, if you are telling the truth, everything will be all right," the Superintendent told the boy. "Otherwise, you know, you'll have to come back here for a while."

Smith did not seem to fear that unhappy consummation, and the probation officer admitted that the lad's explanation was probably the correct one. Smith lived at home with his widowed mother and a brother and sister, both of whom contributed to the family support; he himself received $5 per week and paid $4.50 of it for board, he said. He had been a very bad boy up to the age of fifteen, but Mr. Byers attributed it to his misfortune in getting in with a "tough gang" in the streets, rather than to inherent evil in his nature, and believes that the boy will run straight hereafter.

Another victim of circumstances whose future is looking brighter was a lad of nineteen, of refined appearance and exceptionally good manners, who came over to make a friendly call upon Mr. Byers. The boy's mother had died when he was only four years of age, and his father, who had been devoted to her and also loved his son fondly, had fallen a victim to alcohol, with the result that the boy was thrown on the streets. He had been

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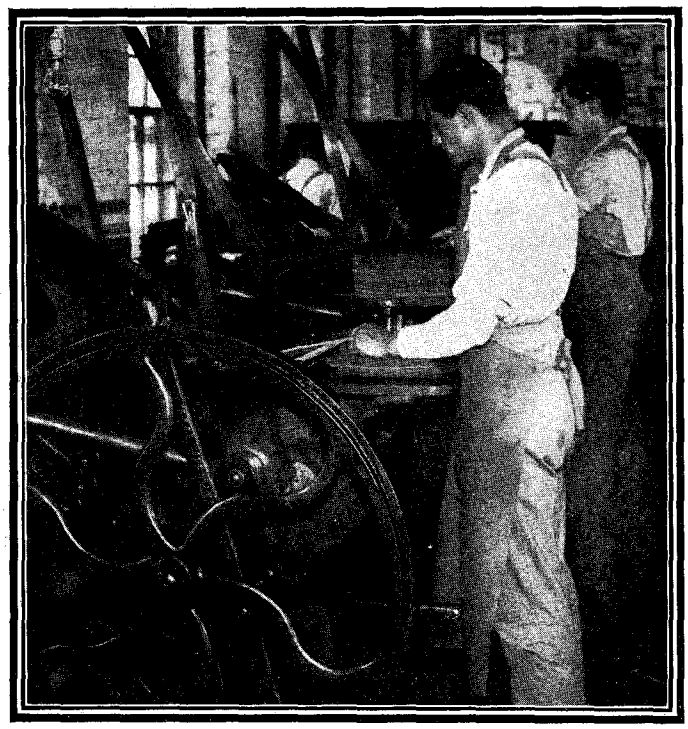

THE PRINTING OFFICE

expelled from school, had proved intractable in other institutions to which he had been committed, and had finally reached the House of Refuge. The boy had been out on probation twice before. He had been brought back once for misconduct, but the second time he had asked for shelter, since his father could not provide for him, and his only other recourse for means of subsistence was to steal. This action on the part of the son had its effect on the father, who was weak rather than vicious, and he had made a home for them both when the boy had last been paroled, two months before. The boy had since secured employment in the office of a big corporation in the city, and during the period of his service his wage had been raised from $3.50 per week to $5.

"Father has been keeping sober right along," the son told Mr. Byers. "I've told him that if he ever goes back to drinking again I'm coming back here, and that has held him so far."

Sympathy is due the father as well as the son in this instance.

Among the visitors to the House of Refuge that morning was a sweet-faced Italian woman of middle age, in Sunday gown of black silk, but wearing no head-covering, a type of the Sicilian peasant. She was wrinkled and bent, and the wistful look in her eyes as she told the Superintendent that she had come to him about her son was such that he waived his rule forbidding calls from parents of inmates on Sunday mornings. The boy had been out on parole for several weeks, and his conduct had been good; but, as no report had come from him the previous month, and he had not told a coherent story when found and questioned by a probation officer, he had been brought back to the Refuge the previous week. The recalcitrant, in the khaki uniform of the institution, was brought into the office to meet his mother. He was nineteen years of age, with a good, rather than a bad, face; and, although born in Italy, he was a typical youth of the New York streets, speaking that strange dialect of the East Side that is the lingual product of the Tower of Babel grafted on a blend of the English of First Avenue and the Bowery. Nevertheless, the grace with which the little scene that followed was unconsciously acted would have been impossible had the participants been of a northern race. As the young man came into the room his mother moved toward him with a little cry, her clasped hands held before her. He started in her direction, and then fell back.

"Won't you kiss your mother?" Mr. Byers asked, gravely.

That it was no lack of affection, but a doubt as to the proprieties of the occasion, that had prevented the young Italian greeting her thus of his own volition was shown by the complete abandon with which mother and son fell into one an-

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other's arms and exchanged terms of affection and endearment in their own liquid tongue, tears streaming down both their faces. Then an interpreter was called in and was told to ask the mother if her son had been a good boy after he came back to her from the House of Refuge.

He had been a father, a brother, a husband, as well as a son to her, she cried, in voluble Italian. Since he had seen the folly of what as a little child he had learned in these terrible streets from wicked American and Russian boys no son in all New York, in all America, in all the world, had ever been so kind to his mother, so generous to his brothers and sisters, so industrious, so deserving of the admiration of men and the beneficence of God.

"It was like dis, Mr. Byers," said the embarrassed paragon, the change in his tone to a hoarse guttural in the use of his acquired imitation of English all the more marked after having heard him speak his musical native language: "I don't send no report becuz I'm sore on meself. I loses me job, an' den de best I kin do is shinin' shoes, an' I didn't want youse to git to know it. Dat's on de level."

Inquiries were made as to the location of the boot-blacking establishment where the boy declared he had been at work, and a note of it made by a probation officer. Then the interpreter was told to inform the mother that, if what her son had said was true, he would be back with her on the next Tuesday. It was by some effort, when the overjoyed Italian woman seized one of his hands in both of hers, that Mr. Byers brought about a hand-shake of what she had intended for a caress.

Another visitor who had been summoned to make explanations was a dapper youth of sixteen, elaborately and ornately attired, who limped into the reception-room with an old shoe on one foot and a new one on the other. "Hullo, Jones!" (Jones being a pseudonym, by reason of conditions hitherto mentioned). "What's the matter with you?" the Superintendent hailed him, genially.

Jones had worn tight shoes the previous Sunday, and a trifling injury to his foot had been the result.

"That's what comes of being a dude," remarked Mr. Byers, blithely. "Now just sit down there, and tell me what I want to see you about."

Jones professed himself unaware that he had done anything that could be called into question, but finally admitted that he

LEARNING TO BAKE

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supposed he had been sent for because he had left home. "But my mother told me to go," said the boy. "She told me to get out and never come back."

"Your own mother told you to get out!" remarked the Superintendent, in a tone of surprise. "You must have tried her patience very severely to cause her to do that. Come now, what *did* you do?"

"I was only fooling around," replied Jones, with constraint.

It required persistent cross-examination, conducted by Mr. Byers without a trace of impatience in voice or manner, before the fact was brought out that the boy had been in the habit of romping about his mother's kitchen (which was also the dining and living room and one of the bedrooms at night) with younger brothers and sisters, and that finally one evening they had become so boisterous that his parent had "taken a stick to him." He had taken the stick away from her and thrown it out of the window, and she had then ordered him to leave the house. Wherefore he had taken up his abode at the Boys' Hotel in Harlem.

"That's the best possible place for you, after your home," commented the Superintendent, "but you ought to live at home and pay your board to your mother. Then you must remember that she works hard and gets nervous, and that you are too big to romp in the house. At sixteen a boy ought to begin to sober up and begin to be a man."

A LESSON IN MODELING

Jones was working for a Broadway firm, and received a wage of five dollars per week, which he was able to augment to the extent of two dollars each week, payment for playing the cornet (the use of which he had learned at the Refuge) in a Harlem band evenings.

"You ought to put every bit of that two dollars in the bank," he was advised. "The money that is easiest to make is generally hardest to save; but you can easily pay your board and have all the amusement you need on five dollars per week."

One of the probation officers was instructed to see Jones's mother the next day and ascertain whether she was ready to have her son come back, and the boy himself looked mightily pleased at the prospect which now seemed to be offered him of going home again.

Fifteen boys and young men called on the Superintendent of the House of Refuge that Sunday morning, and, while not every one had an entirely pleasant experience, in no case was his attitude other than friendly, and not once did he utter a harsh or unkind word. The career of each one of the visitors—although the oldest was only twenty years of age—would make a separate story of absorbing human as well as psychological interest if it could be told in detail without injuring the future prospects of the subject. The outline in each individual instance is the same—neglect in early childhood, and

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commitment to one institution after another until the House of Refuge was reached, when the parole system offered an inducement to good conduct, and the establishment of personal relations with each boy on the part of the Superintendent did the rest.

Of these fifteen boys, there is not one who is not in line to honest manhood, and there are something like a thousand others like them on parole, all in direct touch with Mr. Byers. In fact, of 1,700 boys he has liberated under the probation system, sixty-three per cent are reported "doing well"—that is, they are making the best of their opportunities to become honorable citizens. Of course there have been many instances of genuine reform among the 31,000 boys who have been sent to the Refuge during the eighty-five years of the existence of the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents, and some of them are to-day respected members of the community; but by comparison with the results obtained by Superintendent Byers, the wheat gleaned from the chaff amounts to a negligible quantity.

Mr. Byers declines the title of penologist, although he has spent seven years in work in penal institutions. He is a son of the late Rev. Albert Gallatin Byers, for many years Secretary of the State Board of Charities of Ohio. The son acted as assistant to his father for fifteen years, and succeeded him on his death in 1890. Thirteen years later he became Superintendent of the Indiana State Reformatory; and, after holding that position a year, he was made Warden of the Eastern Penitentiary in Philadelphia. Having always felt an interest in juvenile offenders against law, Mr. Byers accepted the position of Superintendent at the House of Refuge on being allowed to introduce the probation system.

WOE TO THE POET WHO FORGETS TO DREAM

BY LEE WILSON DODD

Woe to the poet who forgets to dream
His living dream of beauty! He shall be
As severed seaweed on a stagnant sea,
Dead in the midst of vastness, endlessly
Buoyed in lank inaction. . . .

Let no gleam,
Poet, escape thee from the tiniest star,
Lest, losing thus thine eye's quick prescience, thou
Become as one defrauded and alone.
Oh, have a care lest the wind's overtone
Sing by unheeded and thy slothful ear
Shut out forever the one ineffable bar
Of heavenly music thou wast born to hear.
Poet, thy song is *now!*
To-morrow's song, to-morrow's song falls cold
From stiffening lips and touches not the heart.
Forget the world, poet, its praise, its gold,
Yea, even forget for one brief hour thine art:
Be ignorantly bold!
Seize on the dream vouchsafed thee, nor allow
Its shy-foot presence songless to depart.

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SOUNDING A RALLY

A portrait study by Philip H. Miller of "Bimbie," Miss Stanley Edwards, the first English girl scout. She is wearing the ribbons which were pinned on personally by General Baden-Powell. This picture was exhibited at the North British Academy of Arts in London this year. The Boy Scout Movement in England and America was described in the Outlook for July 23 last

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The Slowcoach

A Story of Roadside Adventure

By Edward Verrall Lucas

Author of "Anne's Terrible Good Nature"

With Pictures by L. Raven-Hill

CHAPTER XX

THE ADVENTURE OF THE LINE OF POETRY

ON the next morning, which was Sunday, Jack hurried through his dressing and washing at a great pace and instantly disappeared. The others were just beginning breakfast when he came rushing up in a state of wild excitement, calling, "Kink! Kink!"

"What is it?" said that leisurely man.

"It's a rabbit," cried Jack. "I've caught it and I don't know how to kill it."

"Oh, Jack," said Mary, jumping up, "don't kill it! Why should it be killed?"

"For supper, of course," said Jack. "Come on, Kink! Quick or it will get away!"

They all left their breakfast and followed Jack, and when they came up to him he was kneeling over a kicking object.

"Oh, Kink," he said, "do hold it and kill it! How do you do it? The gypsy boy didn't show me properly."

"The gypsy boy?" said Mary.

"Yes, he gave me a wire. See, it's round its neck. That's how I caught him. Do kill him, Kink!"

"Please don't do anything of the kind," said Janet. "We don't want to eat rabbits we catch like that."

"No," said Hester, "please don't kill it. Please let it go."

"What mollycoddles you are!" said Jack. "How do you suppose rabbits are killed, anyway? You eat them all right when they're cooked."

"I couldn't eat a rabbit that I had seen struggling alive," said Janet.

"No," said Mary. "Oh, Jack, please let him go! You've caught him, and that's the great thing; and now be merciful."

Kink still held the struggling creature.

"I vote he's let loose again," said Robert. "I don't want any of him."

"No, and I'm sure I don't," said Gregory; "but wouldn't it be fun to keep him in a hutch?"

"Wild rabbits are no good in hutches," said Kink.

Jack was very sullen. "It's awful rot," he said. "You all ought to be vegetarians if you talk like that. But we'll let him go," and he loosened the wire and the rabbit dashed away.

"A nice return to the gypsy for his kindness," Jack muttered.

Kink watched the rabbit till it was out of sight. "Whose rabbit do you suppose that was?" he asked.

"Mine," said Jack.

"What about the farmer?" said Kink. "A nice return for a night's lodging—poaching his rabbits."

"Poaching!" cried Horace. "Is that poaching? Is Jack a poacher? Oh, how splendid! Jack's a poacher! Jack's a poacher! I wish I was."

"I'd never thought of it as poaching," said Jack, who was not a little proud of his new character.

"When did you set the wire?" Horace asked him.

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"A SHORT GENTLEMAN WITH A RED FACE AND TWO BOYS, AND HE SEEMS VERY ANGRY"

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"Late last night," said Jack. "After you had turned in."

"Wasn't it pitch dark?" Horace asked.

"There was a moon," said Jack, feeling twice his ordinary size.

"But what did you do?" Horace asked.

"Well," said Jack, "I had noticed some rabbits in that field on our way back from Cirencester, so I just crept off in the dark and found a hole, and took a strong stick and drove that into the ground, and then fixed the wire to it with the noose open, like this, so that the rabbit would run right into it when it came out. And it did! Poaching's frightfully simple."

"Yes," said Horace, "but it wants courage."

"Oh, yes," said Jack, lightly. "Of course one mustn't be a fool or a coward."

It was arranged that Janet and Jack and Robert and Hester should go to church and Mary and the others stay behind to cook. The boys walked, but Janet and Hester were driven in by the farmer in his chaise. Janet had a rather uncomfortable moment at the beginning of the sermon, for the text was taken from Matthew xxii, where the piece of money is produced, and the question asked, "Whose is this image and superscription?" Of course they all thought simultaneously of the old Irishwoman, and gave Janet a quick glance. She was very glad that Kink (who was a Dissenter) was not with them to fix his old laughing eye upon her.

Mary had worked very hard over the Sunday dinner, and a great surprise was waiting for the four church-goers—nothing less than a beefsteak pudding, with the most perfect soft crust and heaps of juice; and afterwards pancakes. The farmer's wife sent down some strawberries and cream, so that it was a real feast. The only one of them that was not hungry was Mary, who was too hot and tired of cooking to be able to eat much.

In spite of this huge and momentous dinner, all the children went out on Sunday afternoon to explore the neighborhood, except Hester, who said she had something very important to do and begged to be allowed to remain alone in the Slow-coach. Kink said that he would stay there, too.

On the other side of Cirencester is a very beautiful park, with a broad avenue through it from the gates right in the town itself. The farmer's wife had told them of its attractions, and also of a ruined house known as Alfred's Hall, and a point called the Seven Ways where seven green avenues met, and a canal that ran through a tunnel, and, all within the possibilities of good walkers, the source of the Thames itself. "And," said she, "after you have seen that—the tiny spring which makes that wonderful river that runs right through London—oh, I've been to London in my time!—you can come back to Cirencester by the Fosse Way—the Roman road to Bath."

They could not, of course, see all these things, but they went to the ruined house, which was very romantic and exactly the place for Hester had she only been with them; and they roamed about the park, which was very vast and wonderful.

They had a little adventure, too, for as they were walking along, on the way back—coming back, of course, by a different way, for Robert could not bear the thought of not doing so—Mary chanced to say, with reference to the plans for the future which Robert was describing:

"To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new,"

that being her idea of the last line of Milton's "Lycidas," which they had all learned quite recently.

"Not 'fresh fields,'" Janet corrected, "'fresh woods.'"

"'Fields,'" said Mary.

"'Woods,'" said Janet.

"I'm sure it's 'fields,'" said Mary.

"But it's silly," said Janet, "to say 'fresh fields and pastures new,' because they mean the same thing. 'Fresh woods' would mean something different."

"I can't help it," said Mary; "that's Milton's affair. 'Fresh fields.'"

Janet called to Robert. "Is it 'fresh fields and pastures new,' or 'fresh woods and pastures new'?" she asked him.

"'Fresh fields,'" he said.

Janet asked Jack. "I don't know," he said, "but 'fresh woods' sounds more sensible."

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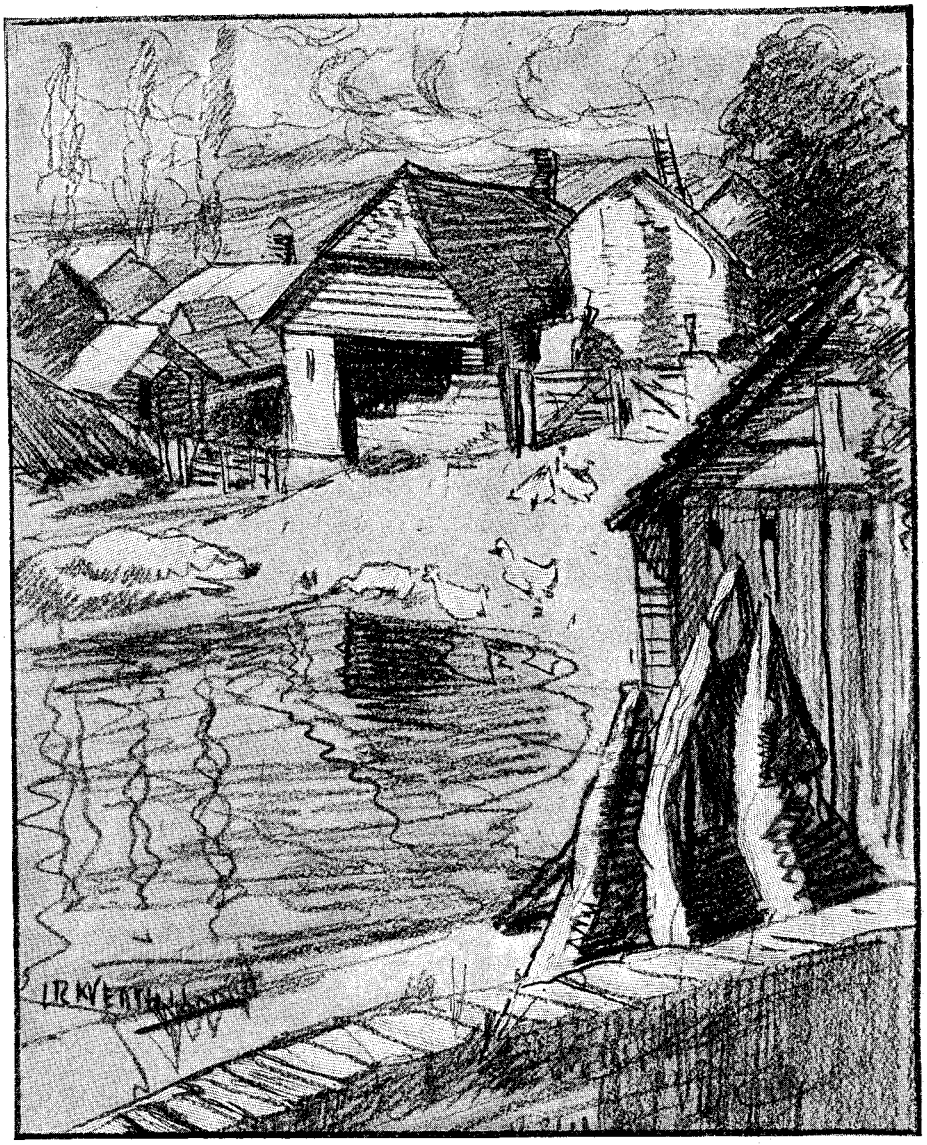

"IT WAS A DELIGHTFUL FARM"

"Oh, dear," said Janet, "I wish we had a Milton!"

"Well, we haven't," said Robert, "and you're not likely to find one at Cirencester to-day, unless, of course, the vicar has one."

"Oh, yes," said Janet, "of course—the vicar. He's certain to have one."

"But who'll ask him?" said Horace.

"Janet will," said Mary.

"Oh, no," said Janet.

"Well, it's your affair," said Robert.

"Not more than Mary's," said Janet. "Mary, will you ask him?"

"No," said Mary, "I don't think I could. Not the vicar. I might be willing to ask the curate."

"What a ripping idea!" said Jack. "Of course the curate would be much easier. We'll ask where he lives."

They did so at a small tobacconist's that was open, and found that the curate had rooms at Myrtle Villa, quite close by.

They therefore marched towards Myrtle Villa, but first arranged to draw lots to see who should ring the bell and make

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the inquiry. They tore up paper of different sizes, and it was agreed that the holders of the longest and the shortest pieces should go—the longest to put the question, the shortest to ring and lend support. The result was that Mary drew the longest and Gregory the smallest.

Gregory was furious. "I don't even know what it's all about," he complained.

They told him.

"How rotten!" he said. "What's it matter?"

Mary, however, led him off to the house and he rang the bell with vigor.

A smiling girl opened the door and asked what they wanted.

"Is the curate at home?" Mary asked.

The girl said that he was.

"Will you ask him if he will speak to us for a moment?" said Mary.

"What about?" asked the girl. "He has a friend with him."

"I don't think you'd understand if we told you," said Mary.

"I must know what it's about," said the girl. "He doesn't like to be disturbed on Sunday afternoons."

"Has he got a lot of books—poetry books?" Gregory asked.

"Yes," said the girl, "heaps."

"Then it's about Milton," said Mary.

"Milton the baker!" exclaimed the girl. "He's not dead, is he?"

"Milton the poet," said Mary.

"I'm all in a maze," said the girl. "I don't know what you're talking about. But I suppose I'd better tell him."

The girl left them on the mat and knocked at a door just inside.

"Come in," said a man's voice.

"Please, sir," said the girl, "there are two children asking about some one named Milton."

The owner of the voice laughed. "Are they?" he said; "well, they've come to the right shop," and then the door opened wider and a tall and handsome young man came out, dressed in a cricket blazer over a clergyman's waistcoat and collar, and smoking a large pipe.

"What's all this about Milton?" he said, cheerily. "What Milton? Not the poet?"

"Yes," said Mary.

"Oh, I say, this is too good," said the young clergyman. "Vernon," he called out, "come here and see a deputation from Milton."

Another young man joined him, equally pleasant-looking, and they all shook hands.

"Come inside," said the young clergyman.

"There are four others waiting in the road," said Gregory.

"Then fetch them in too," said the young clergyman. And Janet and Robert and Jack and Horace were brought in.

"Now," said the young clergyman, "have some tea," and he rang the bell and ordered enough tea for eight.

When the girl had gone, he asked for full particulars and then gave his verdict.

"'Fresh woods and pastures new.'"

"Oh, rubbish!" said Vernon. "I've always learned 'fresh fields and pastures new.'"

"That's what I say," said Mary.

"And so do I," said Robert and Horace.

"I think *you're* right," said Janet to the young clergyman.

"Well," he said, "I'll look it up." And he began to hunt for Milton on his shelves.

"Oh, not yet!" said Vernon. "Let's have some fun first. Let's see who are the 'fielders' and who are the 'wooders.' All 'fielders' this way."

Mary, Robert, and Horace ranged themselves beside him, leaving Janet and Jack with the young clergyman, whom Vernon called Rod.

Gregory looked at both sides and did not move.

"Haven't you any views about it?" asked Vernon.

"No," said Gregory; "I never heard the thing before. What does it matter?"

"Very well, then," said Rod, "here's the tea. You pour it out for us. I like three lumps of sugar in mine. Now," he continued, "the rout of the 'fielders' is about to begin. Of course it's 'woods.' Why, I can see the word now in Milton's own handwriting, as I used to see it in the Library at Trinity."

"I'm so sure it's 'fields,'" said Vernon, "that I declare myself willing to go without cake for tea if it isn't."

"Will you put half a crown in the plate next Sunday if it's 'woods'?" said Rod.

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"Oh, I say, that's a bit stiff," said Vernon. "Half a crown?"

"Very well, then," said Rod, "two bob. Will you put two bob in the plate next Sunday if it's 'woods'?"

"Yes, I will," said Vernon. "But if it's 'fields' what will you do? You mayn't take a shilling out?"

"No," said Rod; "if it's 'fields' I'll eat my best hat."

"I hope it's 'fields,'" said Gregory.

"Horrid little boy!" said Rod. "But now we'll see."

He opened Milton slowly and turned over the pages of "Lycidas." "Ha! ha!" he said; "no cake for Charles Vernon, Esquire, and two bob for Mother Church. And my best hat saved. Listen:

'At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.'"

"No cake!" groaned Vernon. "Repulsive children!" he continued, tragically. "Why did you knock at this unhappy door and ask your foolish questions here? Are there no other houses in Cirencester? No cake! No cake!"

They screamed with laughter.

"I like them," said Rod. "They're nice children. I hope they'll come again. And now for a large tea, with plenty of cake for all but one of us."

They would have liked to stay a long time, for Rod and Vernon were very kind and amusing, but Janet had Hester on her mind, left alone in the Slowcoach; and so directly tea was finished they said good-by.

When Hester was told about their adventure, she said, "How silly you all are!"

"Why?" they asked, indignantly.

"For two reasons," said Hester. "One is that it is, of course, 'fresh woods.' Any one ought to know that. And the other is that we've got the "Blue Poetry Book" with it in, here in the caravan."

"That doesn't matter," said Gregory. "We met a jolly decent clergyman."

"A TALL AND HANDSOME YOUNG MAN CAME OUT, DRESSED IN A CRICKET BLAZER OVER A CLERGYMAN'S WAISTCOAT AND COLLAR, AND SMOKING A LARGE PIPE"

What Hester's great business had been Janet soon learned, for as soon as they were alone Hester slipped some sheets of paper into Janet's hand and asked her to read them very privately. Janet returned to the boudoir end of the caravan and read. It was a poem entitled—

ODE TO THE REV. FRANCIS GASTRELL
(Dedicated to Mr. Nicholas Imber)

O thou most base,
Who hadst possession of the dwelling-place
Of William Shakespeare, Stratford's loveliest son,
What is it thou hast done?
Thou should'st have treasur'd it, as in a case
We keep a diamond or other jewel.
Instead of which thou did'st it quite erase,
O wicked man, O fool!
What should be done to thee?
Hangèd upon a tree,
Or in the pillory
Placed for all to pelt with eggs and bitter zest?
Aye, that were best.
Would that thou wert i' th' pillory this moment

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And Stratford all in foment,
Thou knave, thou cad,
Thou everything that's bad!

HESTER MARGARET AVORY.

Janet said it was splendid, after you had got hold of the difficult rhyming idea.

"That's because it's an ode," said Hester. "Odes go like that. All jumpy. And you mustn't say 'you' in an ode. You must say 'thou.'"

"But what shall you do with it?" Janet asked.

"I want to send it to Mr. Imber," said Hester. "He said something ought to be done. He gave me his address; do you think we could post it this evening?"

Janet said they could, and they walked to the post-office and sent it off, together with a letter to Mrs. Avory, and picture post-cards for Runcie and Collins. The budget for X they kept, as they had not brought his address with them.

CHAPTER XXI

COLLINS'S PEOPLE

They resumed their journey the next morning, a little depressed in spirits, for the end was so near. It was now Monday, and they had to be home again—that is to say, in their home without wheels—to-morrow night, and the thought was not exhilarating. Moreover, as Robert's compass only too plainly showed, they were now for the first time since they started moving due west, or towards Chiswick, instead of away from it, as heretofore.

Holidays of a fortnight always go faster in the second week than the first; but the last two days absolutely fly.

They were now bound for Farringdon through Fairford; and the night—the last night—was to be spent, if possible, on the farm of Collins's brother, near Lechlade.

At Fairford they had their lunch and explored the church, which is one of the most remarkable in England. It was built, they learned from Robert's Road Book, by a rich merchant in the reign of Henry VII named John Tame. Being something of a privateer too, he had the good fortune to capture a vessel on its way from Belgium to Italy laden with stained glass, and, having secured this booty, he erected the church in order to make use of it.

Horace admired this story immensely, and set John Tame with his other heroes—Raffles and Robin Hood—forthwith.

Then came the hunt for Lycett's Farm, where Collins's people now lived, of which they knew no more than that Lechlade was the postal address. It might be this side of Lechlade, and it might be far on the other. Collins had had the map placed before her, but could make nothing of it. (Cooks never can read maps.)

After about two miles out of Fairford Robert began to ask. There were no people on the road—indeed, it was one of the things that they had noticed throughout their travels, how few persons were to be met; and they had therefore to knock at a door here and there, or approach laborers in the fields. Their ignorance of the name either of Lycett's or of Collins was amazing.

"Never heard tell of such a place," said one.

"Not hereabouts," said another.

"Collins?" said a third. "There's a stone-mason of that name over at Highworth; but I don't know of no farmer."

"Maybe you're thinking of Sadler's," another suggested.

Robert, who was getting testy, asked why. "Sadler's doesn't sound a bit either like Collins or Lycett's," he said.

"No," the man agreed, "it doesn't."

But at last a butcher's boy on a bicycle came along and Janet stopped him.

"Lycett's?" he said. Then he brightened. "Lickets, perhaps you mean. That's up the next turning to the left. I don't know who's got it, because I'm a stranger here, but I've heard that Lickets lies that way."

So Robert was recalled from a distant meadow where he had seen a man working, and they hurried on.

The turning was not a main road, but a long lane, which was so narrow that nothing else could possibly have passed by had they met anything; and for a while nothing did come. And then suddenly at a bend there was a fat farmer driving a dog-cart straight at them.

He pulled up at once and roared out, "Where be you coming to then? We don't want no gypsies here."

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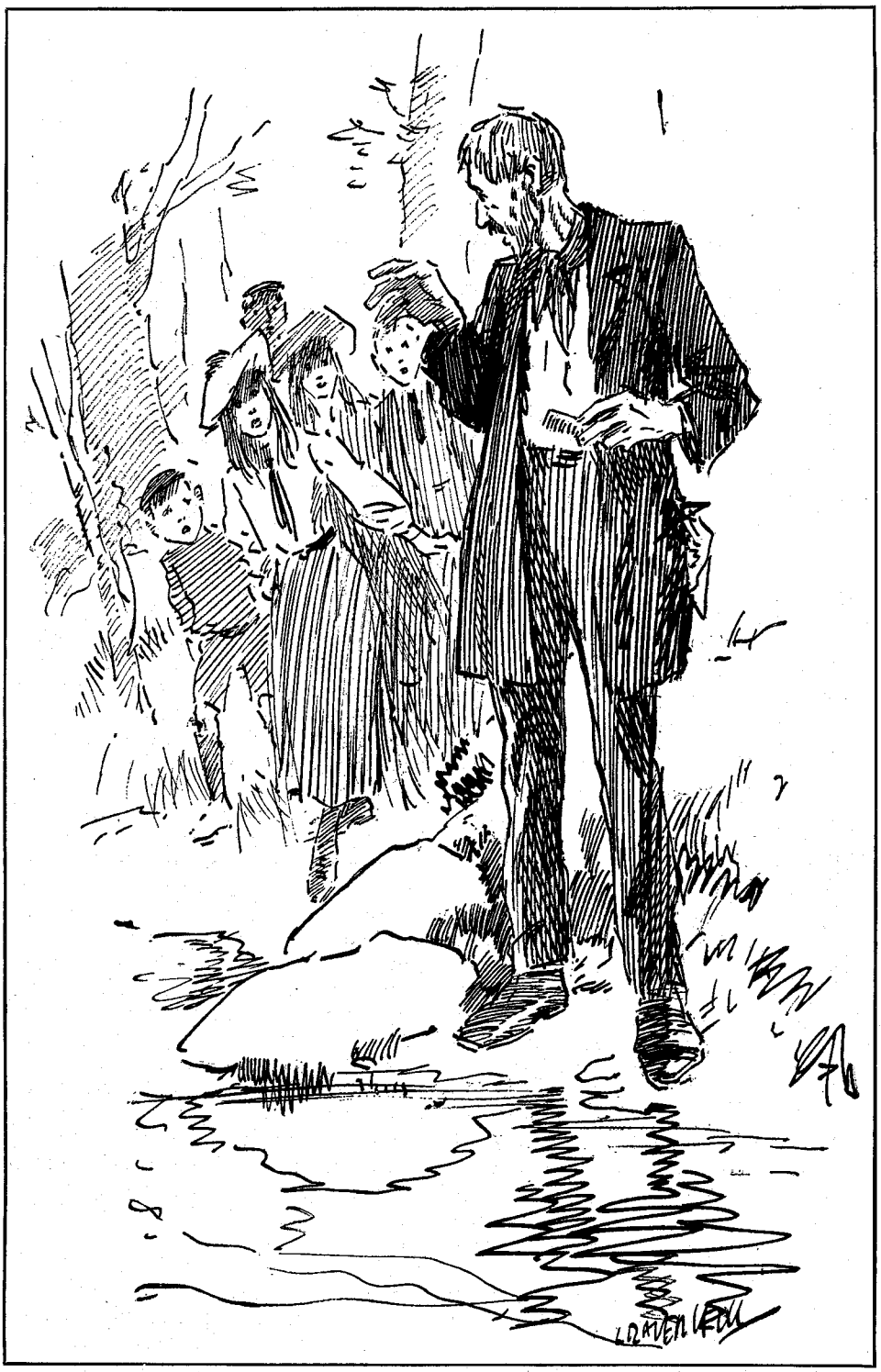

"YOU MUSTN'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT"

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Kink stopped too, and the farmer and he glared at each other.

"You must back down to the next gate," said the farmer.

"Back yourself," said Kink. "Your load's lighter than mine."

"But it's my land you're on," said the farmer.

"It's a public road," said Kink.

It looked as though they might stay there forever, but suddenly the farmer began to laugh. "Why, you're not gypsies," he said. "I believe you're Avories."

"That's so," said Kink.

"Well, I'm blessed!" the farmer cried. "And to think we should be falling out when I've been waiting to see you these many days! My name's Pescod. My half-sister's your cook."

Mr. Pescod climbed out of his cart and shook hands with all the children. "*Now* I'll turn," he said with a smile to Kink, and he led his horse up the lane, talking all the while, while the Slowcoach followed. They told him about their difficulty in finding any trace of him, and he called Collins a donkey for not directing them better and forgetting to say that her name and his were different.

"Never mind," he said; "here you are at last. We've been looking out for you for a long time. My missis never hears wheels nowadays but what she runs to the door to see if it's you."

Lycett's farm was a long, low, white house with a yew hedge leading from the garden gate to the front door. This hedge, of which Collins had told them, was famous in the neighborhood; for it was enormously old, and as thick almost as masonry, and it was kept so carefully clipped that it was as smooth also as a wall. At the gate itself the yews were cut into tall pillars with a pheasant at the top of each, and then there were smaller pillars at intervals all the way up the path, about twenty yards, with a thick joining band of yew between them. They were so massive that very little light could get into the front windows or the doorway; but, as Mr. Pescod said, "any one can have light, but there are precious few yew hedges like that in the world."

Mrs. Pescod was a comfortable, smiling woman, whose one idea was that every one must either be hungry or in need of feeding up. All of the children in turn she looked at anxiously, saying that she was sure that they had not had enough to eat. As a matter of fact, they had not perhaps eaten as much as they would have done at Chiswick, and they had of course worked harder; but they were all very well, and said so. But it made no difference to Mrs. Pescod.

"Ah, my dear," she said to Janet, "you're pale. I shouldn't like you to go back to your ma looking like that. No, while you're here you must have three good meals. A good tea and a good supper and a good breakfast. I wish you'd stay longer and let me have a real go at you, but if you can't, you can't, and there's an end of it."

Mrs. Pescod's notion of a good tea was terrific. Eggs for every one to begin with (to Gregory's great pleasure, for an egg with his tea was almost his favorite treat). Freshly baked hot cakes soaking in butter. Hot toast. Three kinds of jam. Bread and butter. Watercress. Mustard and cress. This was at five o'clock, and as supper was at half-past eight, Janet urged the others to explore as much as possible or they would have no appetite, and then Mrs. Pescod would be miserable.

It was a delightful farm. There was everything that one wants in a farm—a pond with ducks; a haystack half cut, so that one might jump about on it; straw ricks on stone posts; cowsheds smelling so warm and friendly, with swallows darting in and out of the doorway to their nests in the roof; stables with gentle horses who ate the green stuff you gave them without biting you; guinea-pigs, the property of Master Walter Pescod, who was a weekly boarder at Cirencester; fantail pigeons; bantams; ferrets, very frightening to every one but Kink, who knew just how to hold them; and a turnip-slicer, which Gregory turned for some time, munching turnip all the while.

Mrs. Pescod led the girls round with her on an egg hunt, which is always one of the most interesting expeditions in life; and Mr. Pescod, as the evening drew on, allowed the boys to accompany him with his gun to get a rabbit or two under

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the hedge, and he permitted Jack to fire it off. Nothing happened except that Jack was nearly knocked backwards by the "kick;" but he was very proud of the bruise, and when he returned to Chiswick showed it to his father and to William in triumph.

It was getting purple then, with green edges, and Dr. Rotherham pronounced it one of the best bruises he had ever seen. "Good enough," he said, "to have killed a lion with."

"Yes," said William, "instead of missing a rabbit."

Mrs. Pescod, of course, wanted the children to sleep indoors, but they would not. "It is our very last night in the caravan," said Janet, "and we couldn't give it up." So Mrs. Pescod instead made them promise to come to breakfast, and gave them each a large cake of her own making in case they felt hungry in the night.

DRAWN BY L. RAVEN-HILL

"MRS. PESCOD WAS A COMFORTABLE, SMILING WOMAN"

CHAPTER XXII

THE ADVENTURE OF THE GIANT

After receiving a thousand messages for Collins, both affectionate and jocular—one from Mr. Pescod being on no account to forget to tell her to try anti-fat—they said good-by to these kind folk and marched into Farringdon the next morning, very sorry it was the last, but determined to make a brave show. Through watery Lechlade they went, over the Isis (as the Thames is called here), and past Buscot.

It was just after leaving Buscot that Gregory, who had been ahead, alone, suddenly rushed back in a wild state of excitement.

"What do you think I've seen?" he panted. "A giant! A real live giant!"

"Don't be an ass!" said Jack.

"But I have," he protested, "I have. He's there in that wood, kneeling by the stream, washing his face. I watched him walk to it. He's enormous! He's as tall as this caravan nearly. Do come and peep at him."

They all very readily accompanied Gregory into the wood, and there, sure enough, was a giant, combing his hair.

He heard them coming and looked round. They stopped, open-eyed and open-mouthed.

"Here, I say," the giant said at last, "this won't do. You mustn't look at me like that—free. It's a penny each, you know."

He had a broad Yorkshire accent and a kind face.

"Where do you come from?" he asked.

"We come from London," said Janet. "We are on a caravan journey."

"A caravan journey," said the giant. "So am I. I always am, in fact."

"Are you?" said Gregory. "How splendid!"

"Splendid!" said the giant. "Do you think so? I'd give a good deal to sleep in a bed in a house. Excuse me if I sit down," he added. "My legs aren't very strong."

He sat down, but even then he was taller than any of the children.

"Where is your caravan?" Janet asked.

"Just over there," the giant said. "They're waiting for me. I came here to make my toilet. Where are you going?"

"We're going to Farringdon," said Robert.

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"That's where we've come from," said the giant. "There's been a fair there. We're going to Cirencester."

"What a shame!" said Horace. "That means we've missed you."

"But you're seeing me now," said the giant, adding again, with his Yorkshire laugh—"free."

"I know," said Jack, "but that's not the same as at a fair. The naphtha lamps, you know."

The giant shuddered. "I like to be away from them," he said.

"Who else is there with you?" asked Gregory.

"The King," said the giant.

"The King!" they all exclaimed.

"Yes, King Pip. He's a dwarf. We travel together, but we show separately. A penny each."

"Might we see him if we paid a penny?" Janet asked.

"I shouldn't if I were you," said the giant.

"Why not?" said Gregory. "Isn't he nice?"

"No," said the giant, very firmly. "He's not; he's nasty."

"I'm so sorry," said Janet.

"So am I," said the giant.

"I've always liked giants best," said Mary.

"But why don't you leave him?" said Jack.

"I can't," said the giant. "We don't belong to ourselves. We belong to Mr. Kite. Mr. Kite is the showman."

"And did you sell yourself to him like a slave?" Hester asked.

The giant laughed. "Very much like a slave," he said. "You see, there's nothing else to do when you're big like me and have no money. I'm too weak to work, and it's ridiculous, too. No one ought to be so big. So I must do what I can."

"What's the matter with King Pip?" Robert asked.

"He's selfish and bad-tempered," said the giant. "He thinks it's a fine thing to be so small."

"And you think it a fine thing to be so big, don't you?" said Robert.

The giant opened his blue eyes. "I! Not me. I'd give everything I ever possessed to be five feet seven instead of seven feet five. It's never done me any good."

"But it's rather grand to be as big as that," Robert suggested.

"Grand! You may have the grandeur. It's worse than being a criminal. I can't walk out unless it's pitch dark or very early morning, because if I did the people would see me free—as you are doing. I have to live in a narrow stuffy carriage. I'm ill, too. Giants are always ill."

Janet was full of sympathy. "We're so sorry," she said. "And here's our money—it isn't fair to be seeing you free." And she held out sixpence.

"Oh, no," said the giant. "I didn't mean that. I like to see you and talk. There's too few people to talk to naturally. Most of them ask silly questions all the time, especially the doctors. If you want to pay to see me, you must come to the fair. I shall be on view to-night."

"But we're going the other way," said Robert.

"I'm very sorry," said the giant. "I should have looked forward to seeing you."

"What's your name?" Gregory asked.

"My real name is William Steward," said the giant, "but they call me the Human Colossus."

"Is there anything we could do for you?" Janet asked. "We have some papers; would you like them?"

"No," said the giant, "I don't read much. There is one thing I'd like, but I don't suppose you have it. A little tobacco. I'm clean out of it, and I'd like a smoke."

"We've got tobacco, all right," said Robert. "You know," he added to Janet, "in that tin labeled 'For—'"

But Janet stopped him in time and drew him aside. "Run and get it," she said, "but be sure to scrape the label off. He wouldn't like to see 'For Tramps and Gypsies' on it."

Robert was quickly back and handed the tin to the giant, who was delighted.

He was just beginning his thanks when a shrill whistle sounded, and he said good-by instead.

"That's his Majesty," he explained. "He thinks I've been long enough. And I am long enough," he added, making his only joke; "too long. Well, good-by.

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I'm glad to have met you. Don't forget to look for the Human Colossus whenever you come to a fair. It's easy to remember the Human Colossus. Good-by."

And he shambled off through the trees to the road.

They had their last lunch with Kink just outside Farringdon's red town, and then sped him on his solitary way home, promising, however, to come and meet him somewhere outside London in three or four days' time; and so they stood in a group in the middle of the road until the Slowcoach and its driver and its black guardian were out of sight. And if some of their eyes were not quite dry I am sure you don't blame them.

"Now," said Robert, as he made a note of what his pedometer said, sixty-seven miles and a quarter, for he considered this the end of the real walk, "Now for the station."

First, however, a telegram had to go, and Hester insisted on sending it, as she had an idea, and this is what she sent:

"Avory, The Gables, Chiswick. Alas, alack, we're coming back."

They caught a train on the funny little branch line which turned them out at Uffington, and, armed with Mr. Scott's present, "The Scouring of the White Horse," which Mary carried and occasionally read scraps from as they walked along, they made for the green hills and the famous animal cut on their side. To reach it was impossible, for the London train left at 6:24 and it was now nearly three, and there was tea to be eaten; but they came near enough to see it distinctly, and to marvel that the name of horse should ever have been given to it. As Gregory said, "It's no more like a horse than Shakespeare is like a swan."

And then they had tea at a nice inn at Uffington, in a parlor full of photograph frames, and returned to the station.

As the train left they leaned back in their seats, a great deal more tired than they had ever been in the Slowcoach.

"What a hateful rate this train goes at!" said Robert. "I prefer two miles an hour."

"Oh, yes," they said.

At Paddington they found Collins and Eliza Pollard, with a station omnibus, and they rattled down to Chiswick, pouring out the news, especially that from Lycett's farm.

And so, after dropping Mary and Jack and Horace at their homes, they came once again to The Gables. A cold supper was waiting for them—one of those nice late meals after a journey—and Mrs. Avory and Runcie sat with them while they ate it.

"You must be glad to be back," Runcie said, "and to sleep in nice beds once more."

"Oh, Runcie," said Hester, "you don't really understand anything."

"I understand what the King's head is like on a shilling," said Runcie, with a little twinkle at Janet.

Janet blushed.

"What a shame," she said, "to tell that story! Hester, I suppose that was you, in one of your letters."

"Yes," said Hester, "but, Janet, darling, you told me always to tell *all* the news."

CHAPTER XXIII

THE MOST SURPRISING ADVENTURE OF ALL

The children had been back two or three days, and Kink was still on the road, when one morning a telegram came from him saying that he had reached Hounslow, and Robert asked if they might all walk out to meet him, and so return home triumphantly in a body. Mrs. Avory agreed, and they trooped off, after the briefest lunch, taking Horace Campbell and the Rotherams with them.

They had been gone two or three hours, and Mrs. Avory was sitting talking with Runcie, when Eliza Pollard brought a card on the brass tray that Janet had repousséd for her mother's last Christmas present. It ran:

Mr. Henry Amory,
The Red House,
Chiswick, W.

"I don't know him," said Mrs. Avory. "What is he like?"

"Well, mum," said Eliza Pollard, "he's a short gentleman with a red face and two boys, and he seems very angry."

"Ask him what he wants to see me about," said Mrs. Avory.

"I did," said Eliza Pollard, "and he

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said he could not tell me, but the matter was of the highest importance."

Mrs. Avory took the card and descended to the drawing-room, where the visitors were waiting for her.

Mr. Amory bowed. "Pardon me, madam," he said, "but I have come to know what you have done with my caravan."

"Your caravan!"

"Yes, madam, my caravan. A caravan was sent as a present to my sons some three weeks or a month ago, and your family, I am credibly informed, seized and detained it."

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Avory, "but we did nothing of the sort. A caravan was sent here for my children as a present, and we have simply made use of it. They have been away in it for a fortnight. It returns to-day."

"Ha!" said Mr. Amory. "Perhaps you will have the goodness to inform me who gave it to you?"

"That," said Mrs. Avory, "I can't do—"

"Ha!" said Mr. Amory.

"—because," Mrs. Avory continued, "I don't know. We have never discovered. The giver wished to be anonymous."

Mr. Amory looked surprised and became a shade less fierce.

"You took no steps to find out?" he asked.

"How could I? There was no clue to go upon."

"I see, I see," said Mr. Amory. "There has been a huge mistake. Perhaps you will allow me to read you a letter which we received a day or so ago:

Dear Children—I have just come back, much sooner than I expected; but finding no letter from you, I have made some inquiries as to what you have done with the caravan, and, to my amazement, cannot discover that it has ever reached you at all; and since, if it has not, this letter must be all Greek to you, I may now say that on the 23d of June a caravan fully furnished for a journey should have arrived at your house with a letter saying it was from your friend X, as it amused me to call myself. I have been to the man whom I employed to take it to you, but he is in hospital. His wife, however, is convinced that he did take it to Chiswick all right. Please ask your father to try and discover to what house it was sent. To-morrow evening I shall come to see you all.

Your affectionate
UNCLE EUSTACE.

"There," said Mr. Amory, "you see. Not, however, that I should have let my sons go away in it, at any rate, without me"—the two little boys winced—"but different people have different ideas. Well," he continued, "I have been investigating, and of course I soon discovered that the caravan had come here and that your children had gone off in it. I will admit that we have only just come to Chiswick, and that you were better known here; but the fact remains that the letter was addressed not to the name of Avory but Amory."

Mrs. Avory was bewildered. "It is all very unexpected," she said. "I really cannot remember reading the address on the envelope at all. It was handed to me as mine, and I opened it. It may have been Amory. If you care to see the letter, I have it."

"Please," said Mr. Amory, and Mrs. Avory went to her desk.

"Now, boys, listen to me," said Mr. Amory to his two sons. "Let this be a lesson to you. Never give anonymous presents. It is foolish and it leads to trouble; and very likely the wrong people will be thanked."

Mrs. Avory handed him the letter and he read it.

"Quite clear," he said, "but not what I call a sensible way of doing things. Your explanation satisfies me."

Mrs. Avory expressed her regret that the mistake had occurred. "But," she added, "you must allow that we had no other course but to accept the present as though it really belonged to us. We have for so many years been the only Avories here."

"But have you so many friends," Mr. Amory inquired, "who would be likely to give you anonymously so handsome a gift? It did not strike you as strange?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Avory.

Mr. Amory again said "Ha!"

"The caravan," Mrs. Avory said, rising to her feet, "shall be put in order directly it returns and sent to your address. Anything that has been taken from it or broken shall be replaced. I can say no more than that. Good-afternoon."

It was not, however, the end of the visit, for at that instant the sound of heavy wheels was heard, and cheers in

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the street, and, looking out of the window, Mrs. Avory saw that the Slowcoach had already arrived, escorted (as it had left) by all the children of Chiswick, and a moment later Janet burst into the room crying, "Mother, do come and see!"

She pulled up stiff on observing the strangers.

"Janet, dear," said Mrs. Avory, "there has been a serious mistake. The Slowcoach is not ours at all. It belongs to this gentleman's children."

Janet gasped. "But it was sent to us," she said at last.

"No," said Mr. Amory, "I beg your pardon, young lady, but it was sent to *us*. It came to you by error."

Janet looked questioningly at her mother, and Mrs. Avory nodded yes. Hester and Gregory now entered the room to insist on their mother either coming out or giving leave for some of the street children to be allowed to go inside the caravan. But Mr. Amory interposed. "No," he said. "I prefer not. They are rarely clean."

Gregory looked at him in dismay.

"Mother!" he exclaimed.

"Janet," whispered Mrs. Avory, who knew her youngest son, "take Gregory away and keep him out of sight till they go."

"But we," Mr. Amory resumed, "will examine the caravan. I suppose there was no inventory."

"No," said Mrs. Avory.

"Very unfortunate," he muttered, "and very unsystematic. However, we must hope for the best;" and so saying he led the way toward the yard, with his meek little sons, who had said not a word, but appeared to wish themselves well out of the affair, behind him.

Kink had already unharnessed Moses, and the Slowcoach stood at rest. Mr. Amory first went to examine a place on the wheel where a gate-post had removed some of the paint, and he then put a foot on the step; but Diogenes sprang up and growled so seriously that he withdrew.

"Please remove the dog," he said.

While this was being done and the father and his two meek sons were inside Janet explained the situation to the others. They refused at first to believe it.

"Do you mean to say," Robert exclaimed, "that the Slowcoach isn't ours at all?"

"Yes," said Janet.

"It belongs to those measly pipsqueaks?" said Robert.

"Yes," said Janet.

Robert held his head in a kind of stupor.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE END

They had a very solemn tea. Every one was depressed and mortified.

"We couldn't help it, could we, mother?" Janet said several times.

"Of course not," said Mrs. Avory. "It's no one's fault except the foolish man who brought the caravan here. What has Kink said about it?" But as no one had asked him, he was called to the cedar tree, beneath which tea was laid on fine days.

"Here's a go, mum," he said.

"What did the man say who brought the caravan?" Mrs. Avory said.

"As near as I can remember he showed me the letter and said, 'Is that all right?' I looked at it and read 'To be given to Mrs. Avory' on it, so I said, 'Yes.' Then he said, 'I've got a caravan for your lot, cockie,' and backed it into the yard."

"How splendid!" said Robert. "Then it was you who did it, Kinky."

"Did what, Master Robert?"

"Got us the Slowcoach; because the address wasn't Mrs. Avory at all, it was Mrs. Amory."

"Oh, I don't take much count about Ms or Vs," said Kink. "It began with a big 'A' and it ended in 'ory,' and that was good enough for me."

"Kink," said Janet, "you're a dear. You've given us the most beautiful holiday."

Hester suddenly turned pale. "Mother!" she exclaimed. "What about the twenty-five sovereigns?"

"Yes," said Robert, "that's awful!"

"It is rather bad," said Mrs. Avory, "because, of course, it will have to be given back, and at once too, and I'm not at all rich just now. I'm not even sure that we have any right to go to Sea View, and the twenty-five pounds will just spoil everything."

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"Why should we give it back?" said Gregory.

"Because it's not ours," said Mrs. Avory. "There's no question at all."

"I think Kinky ought to pay it," said Gregory. "He's got heaps of money in the Post-Office, and it's his fault, too."

"The best thing to do," said Mrs. Avory, "is to telephone to Uncle Christopher and tell him all about it, and ask him to come over to-night and give us his advice. He always knows best."

"And Mr. Scott and Mr. Lenox too," said Robert.

"Very well," said Mrs. Avory. "They were all here at the beginning, and they had better be here at the end."

Mr. Lenox, who came first, was immensely tickled. "Who stole the caravan?" he asked at intervals through the evening.

Mr. Scott took it more practically. "We must have another," he said, "and have it built to our own design. Let the Slowcoach provide the ground plan, so to speak, and then improve on it by the light of your experience. You must by this time each know of certain little defects in the Slowcoach that could easily be done away with."

"Of course," said Robert. "Blisters."

"Don't rot," said Gregory. "I know of something, Mr. Scott. The roof. It ought to have a felt covering so as to soften the rain."

"Exactly," said Mr. Scott. "And you, Janet?"

"I used to wonder," said Janet, "if there could not be some poles, such as those that you raise carriage wheels with when you wash them, to lift the caravan above its springs at night. As it is, every movement makes it shake or rock. They could be carried underneath quite easily."

"Very good," said Mr. Scott. "And you, Mary?"

"I heard about a caravan yesterday," said Mary, "that had two little swings at the back for small children when they were tired."

"That's a good idea," said Mr. Lenox. "[illegible]or Gregory, for instance."

"I'm not a small child," said Gregory, "[illegible]d I don't get tired."

"Oh," said Janet, "what about those times when you said you couldn't walk at all?"

"Shut up," said Gregory.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Scott, "if you really are still keen on caravaning, I'll give you a new one, with proper title deeds, in case any new Mr. Amory turns up, and we will all superintend its building."

"Hurrah!" cried the children.

"And we'll call it Slowcoach the Second."

It was at this point that Uncle Christopher came in.

"This is very sad," he said. "To think of my nephews and nieces running off with another person's caravan!"

"But what shall we do?" Mrs. Avory asked.

"There's nothing to do," said Uncle Christopher, "but to have it cleaned up and put in order as soon as possible and sent round to its real owner."

"The dreadful thing," said Janet, "is the twenty-five pounds."

"Yes, I know," said Uncle Christopher; "but I believe there's a way out of even that difficulty. I told your aunt all about it when I got back from the office, and she wished me to tell you that she would like to refund the twenty-five pounds herself."

There was a long pause.

"Oh, dear," said Janet at last, as she hid her face in her mother's arms, "everybody is much too kind."

(The End)

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Common Sense and Beyond[1]

By William L. Bryan

WE must all live in the world of common sense, with its familiar things, tasks, and ways of doing. The laws of that world are harsh, and are enforced by penalties such as failure, hunger, misery, and death. The best thing which the world of common sense does is to make us work at sensible tasks. This is the best safeguard against insanity, and the best means of developing practical judgment and efficiency. The worst thing which the world of common sense does is to make us blind—is to make us believe that there is nothing beyond itself, nothing but superstitions, speculations, theories, dreams.

Physical science has done much to correct this false belief. When, in the fall of 1752, Franklin sent a kite up into a thunder-gust in order to catch lightning in a bottle, his kite went clear and clean out of the world of common sense into another world of which common sense by itself knows nothing at all. The lower end of that kite-string was held by the man who wrote "Poor Richard's Almanac." He wrote of thrift: "An empty bag cannot stand alone." "Diligence is the mother of good luck." He wrote of prudence: "An egg to-day is better than a hen to-morrow." He wrote of pretended wit and learning: "The most exquisite folly is made of wisdom spun too fine." "There are many witty men whose brains cannot fill their bellies." It was this supreme genius of common sense who went out in a rising storm to find a new world, not like Columbus with ships, but with a kite and a bottle. And he found it. He and others of his kind found a world incalculably more vast and rich than the America of Columbus. They found the world of force, within whose infinite ranges our world of common sense floats like a bubble. It is the special business of science to send up kites of every sort in every direction. A university is a station for the flying of kites. The fire that comes back along their strings we must have. It bakes our bread. And the same fire, blazing high, lights up for us the immeasurable world of force invisible to common sense.

Exactly the same connection exists between common sense in its application to the conduct of life and the higher spiritual laws by which we are begirt. The everyday rules of thumb for the conduct of life are essential. They teach us, as children, the first necessary lessons of obedience. They teach us common ideals and ways of doing so that we can live together in families and as neighbors and as citizens. To paraphrase St. Paul, common sense is our schoolmaster, to bring us to the truth. But common sense never teaches us the whole truth. It does a man fatal harm to believe that it can. It does a man fatal harm to believe that he can choose for himself a little world with little purposes, little standards of success, and little rules of cunning, and there can shut himself in safe from the living God.

There has lately appeared the biography of a man who thought he could do this, though, like many of his kind, he believed in a sort of absentee God who might make trouble after death and who might be appeased by the founding of a theological seminary. Fifty years ago this man was one of the richest in America. Like Rousseau, Benvenuto Cellini, and others, he wrote with naked frankness the inside facts of his life. He wanted one thing—money. He believed really in nothing else. What would bring money was practical and good. Whatever stood in the way must be brushed aside. He brushed aside considerations of friendship and loyalty. Again and again he tells of betraying and ruining his own partners. "Business is business," he said. He tells of organizing the farmers of Putnam County, New York, into a protective league against Vanderbilt's Hudson River steamboat monopoly, and then selling out the farmers to Vanderbilt. "The dog

[1] This was originally written for use as one of the short Commencement Sermons which President Bryan is accustomed to deliver at Indiana University. —THE EDITORS.

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that snaps quickest gets the bone," he said. He tells of arranging to get his partners into his debt so as to have them in his power. "You own your debtor," he says, "body and breeches. You are the cat; he is the mouse." He brushed aside considerations of patriotism. "Such far-off things as wars in Mexico, Missouri Compromises, slave wars in Kansas, could not be allowed to come in and take my thoughts away from business." Again: "I saw very quickly that the War of the Rebellion was going to be a money-maker for me." "It's good fishing in troubled waters." He tells of corrupting officials of the Government in the interest of stock manipulations, but adds: "We didn't dare to make offers of the kind to Old Abe. Lincoln was an impractical man as far as money went. All he thought of was saving the Union." Finally, he brushed aside considerations of loyalty to his family. In his last days his greed for money on any terms so possessed him that he proved an unsafe trustee of the estates of his grandchildren, and he was dismissed from his trusteeship by the court. By an accident of fortune which does not always happen, the millionaire lost all his money, and died in poverty and solitude.

His philosophy of life is expressed in a paragraph by Balzac: "The more cold-blooded your purpose," says a worldly countess to her young relative, "the surer you will be of success. Strike without pity, and the world will fear you. Treat men and women as post-horses. Ride them and leave them foundered at each relay, if you would attain the goal of your desires." ("Père Goriot.")

From this terrible picture turn to the President whom the millionaire called impractical. In truth, Lincoln was the very genius of practical sense. No other man of his century knew so well as he the range of forces by which men are actually moved. He knew, among other things, the powers of money. He knew that there must be soldiers and cannon and mules and corn and bacon, and money to pay for all. He knew that the Union must be saved by good financing as well as by hard fighting. He knew thoroughly well that the world of money has laws from which neither men nor nations can escape. Lincoln was asked once how long a man's legs should be. He replied, "A man's legs should be long enough to reach the ground." His feet were planted on the ground as solidly as Franklin's. But, like Franklin, in the extremity of need he stretched forth his hand to the impractical heavens. And there he found forces mightier than lightning. If you ask where in literal fact he found the spiritual forces which saved the Union, I cannot tell, except in part. I know in part. It came from millions of common men, such as you and I, who a little while before had been all worldly prudence and cowardice and compromise. And then, somehow, in millions of common men, such as you and I, something burst up from within which burned up their prudence and their fear, and sent them marching on death in the service of the Spirit.

Dante believed that there are above the earth many heavens, one circling above another. This is to us a myth. In substance it is the truth.

There is what Dante might have called a heaven of physical force, invisible to common sense, slowly revealed through men of science, still largely unknown. But we know its reality because every day and more and more we make it do our work.

There is a heaven of art. It seems quite unreal—nothing but play, romance, song, dreams. But in truth these have proved their reality in the works and battles of men as surely as any force which engineers can measure. Every great work begins in dream and rises in song, and often when the work perishes the dream and the song survive.

Finally, above all others, there is the heaven of charity. You may not believe in it. You may try to escape it. You may barter your one chance of life for a mean wage. You may work with might and cunning for your low desire, careless how your work affects others, and, at the worst, using men and women as post-horses to be ridden and left perishing by the way. But the hardest man is still a child of the Infinite Life. In the thick of your battle, in the moment of your meanest victory, you may be seized and shaken by the ultimate need of a man—to give and receive unselfish friendship. In that moment the dollar and the bank and

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the factory and the whole hard, practical world turn to ashes, and you are caught up before the judgment seat whose law is the terrible charity of God. In like manner you may try to found your home life upon motives of shrewd worldly policy, or upon baser motives, and, at the worst, you may thus descend into horror and darkness. But, in truth, you and your mate are children of the Infinite Life. The hour may come when you shall realize that. In that hour the voices of worldly prudence and evil passion shall be still. In the heart of your mate you shall see something infinitely sacred, something that shall smite you into unspeakable reverence. You shall stand together in your home and know that you are also standing, like Dante and Beatrice at the last, in the most holy heaven.

Picture Books for Children

By Clara Whitehill Hunt

Superintendent of the Children's Department of the Brooklyn Public Library

MY thought leaps to a picture in a cozy, lamplit room one blustering wintry night, of three sturdy youngsters snuggling down under warm coverings and turning bright, expectant eyes upon me as they peremptorily demand, "Now *begin!*" So, to the accompaniment of a beating storm that made indoors feel particularly safe and pleasant, we set sail with the brave and resourceful Greek leader, seeking with him his native country until "ill winds cast Ulysses and his fleet upon the coast of the Cicons, a people hostile to the Grecians. Landing his forces, he laid siege to their chief city, Ismarus, which he took, and with it much spoil, and slew many people. But success proved fatal to him, for his soldiers, elated with the spoil and the good store of provisions which they found in that place, fell to eating and drinking, forgetful of their safety, till the Cicons, who inhabited the coast, had time to assemble their friends and allies from the interior, who, mustering in prodigious force, set upon the Grecians, while they negligently reveled and feasted, and slew many of them, and recovered the spoil. They, dispirited and thinned in their numbers, with difficulty made their retreat good to the ships."

Now the usual method with grown-ups, noting the words "hostile," "fatal," "elated," "inhabited," "assemble," "mustering," "prodigious," "negligently," "dispirited," "retreat," is to reject a tale containing words "so difficult for children to understand." To tell the truth, I had to give such close attention to the page that I was unable to watch its effect until the end of the breathless first chapter, when I looked up.

The oldest listener, a boy of nine, is a young aborigine of the sort Andrew Lang had in mind when he wrote his essay on "The Boy," beginning: "As a humble student of savage life, I have found it necessary to make researches into the manners and customs of boys." S—— has a cordial dislike for the restraints of school and the customs of polite society. He has no more use for the refinements of life than a puppy, one of his most striking characteristics reminding the women of his family of the little girl's composition which declared that "boys are very wearing on everything but soap." No one could possibly accuse this youngster of affecting a liking for the classics to please any grown person who wished him to show off. The six-year-old is only second to S—— in boyishness, while the eight-year-old girl, having three brothers and a native endowment of spirit, has scant interest in the quiet tastes of good little girls, and as yet gives only spasmodic indications of a feminine liking for starch and ribbons. I mention these things

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somewhat particularly because of the claim that no normal boy will care for the "best literature;" that any child who pretends to like it is posing to gratify his elders.

Pausing at the end of the chapter, I found S—— sitting bolt upright in bed, his cheeks feverishly scarlet, his eyes ablaze, as he exploded, "*Gee!* that's a *peach!*" Six-year-old D——, too overcome to find vent for his emotions even in the choice vernacular of his brother, was thumping about on his bed in a manner that boded ill to the springs; while the little girl's brown eyes were bigger than ever with the fearsome fascination of the tale. I promptly decided that Ulysses as a bedtime story was lacking in the soothing qualities desirable at such an hour, and before the boys went to their own rooms I told a short story of another sort to quiet them. But whenever I meet people who think that stories must be simplified to appeal to children, I recall that vivid little scene, when three very real children who have never shown a sign of budding genius were transported with delight by a reading from the Odyssey which Charles Lamb believed in giving to children without alteration except by the omission of tedious repetitions and nauseating details. True it is that many a child in his teens rejects the best. The secret? In most cases it is because his mother did not begin when he was in his first short clothes to read the best to him.

It has taken the world a long time to wake up to the futility of trying to make children good by the use of negatives. No one has put the case for crowding out the bad by filling up with good more convincingly than Jane Addams in her "Spirit of Youth and the City Streets;" and the recent rapid growth of the playground movement, of the establishment of shops and domestic science rooms in the public schools, of the opening of recreation centers, of the transforming of "Keep off the grass" parks into farms for tenement-house children, these are some of the evidences that the "Do" is rapidly taking the place of the "Don't" principle in the methods of wise social workers.

There are mothers who have found it impossible to live up to their principle of substituting a good thing for the bad when they shut the door on the comic supplement of the Sunday newspapers. A search through the stores for picture books having the fetching qualities of the comic without its objectionable features reveals a discouraging heap of inanities, mild and safe enough to have satisfied the guardians of those anæmic little prigs in the Sunday-school stories of our childhood, but lacking the dramatic action, the humor, the vigor, the story-telling qualities without which a picture takes slight hold upon a child of eager, lively interests.

One seldom needs to caution mothers against the unmistakably vicious books. The influence of the yellow-back is so well known that its lurid covers serve as poison labels to those who think at all. There are a thousand mothers who forbid the unblushingly bad books to one mother who takes any thought of the slow deterioration, if not of moral fiber, certainly of mental power which the habit of reading nothing but mediocre books causes. We meet women who would receive a shock to find their daughters reading "The Scarlet Letter," who view with complaisance their girls consuming stories from which, in the effort to make "safe" reading, the authors have obligingly eliminated all allusion to subjects that aren't "refined," with the result that for insipidity, lack of virility and style, their stories are such as sometimes to make the children's librarian vow she will take to breaking stone rather than wallow another fall through the mush with which the juvenile book counters will inevitably be filled.

When shall we learn the harmfulness of the harmless? Milk and water is a harmless mixture, but if a child refused to take any other nourishment we should be alarmed for his physical development. The effect of the mediocre habit upon mental growth is parallel, and parents who a few years hence will be disappointed to find their daughters preferring "Graustark" to "Henry Esmond" may also find with the weakening of mental power a lowering of tone in character due to association with book heroes and heroines who have no power to inspire to noble living.

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When one sees a scholarly man buying for his daughter gentle tales of Dotties and Flaxies and Dimples, or a clever mother anxiously selecting words of one-syllable stories for two remarkably bright little boys—I am not drawing upon my imagination for these instances—one deplores the lost opportunities, knowing of children under ten who have listened spell-bound to the "Jungle Books," Pyle's "King Arthur" and "Robin Hood," "The Prince and the Pauper," "Water-Babies," "Tanglewood Tales," and other noble books like these.

Large city libraries report that the children's classics circulate best in the poorer sections. Is this because well-to-do parents, desiring to shield their children from every hardship, carry the principle to saving young minds from listening to words not perfectly easy to understand? As if a child's mind were not as eager as his arms and feet to attain things beyond easy grasp!

By this time it will probably seem that I am taking a very circuitous path to reach the subject of picture books; but I hope to show that I am not so nearly related to Mrs. Nickleby as I may appear. We do not clearly enough perceive that all our principles of selection of books for children expressed in type should go into the artist's brush when he makes a child's picture book. Good coloring is not enough; good drawing isn't enough; neither will the exclusion of the vulgar suffice. An empty picture corresponds to the story which has nothing in it but words. A picture artistically beautiful but puzzlingly complicated is a Walter Pater style for children. A picture both lofty and simple, delightful alike to adults and children, is a Lamb's Ulysses. A picture of a charming group of interesting children doing nothing in particular but look charming is the current popular story about children for grown people, and so on. A painter who ridicules virtue by means of his brush influences far more people than an author whose medium is printed language, because the most indolent and illiterate can read the artist's language, but not the author's.

I trust that I may be pardoned if I use a rather primary-class method to make clear my points. Experience in addressing mothers' clubs has shown me how easily one may be misunderstood without liberal use of concrete illustration for each general principle. On one occasion I deprecated giving to city children their first ideas of farm life and domestic animals through caricatures. I had in mind—but not in hand—a book, which I attempted to describe, citing one picture of a hilarious cow attired in green cap, yellow jacket, and blue trousers, fiddling and dancing a jig for the children's amusement. What was my consternation (in view of the possibility that all the audience had similarly misconceived my meaning) to have an anxious little mother come to me after the meeting to say that she was "*so* sorry she had been buying the Peter Rabbit books for her children, she had never thought of their being harmful!" Now Peter Rabbit and his cousin Master Benjamin Bunny do, to be sure, walk on their "behime legs" sometimes, like Uncle Remus's "Bre'r Rabbit." Careful Mrs. Rabbit and Mrs. Bunny do array their wayward sons in tidy little jackets and shoes, which, like small human boys of our acquaintance, the bunny boys shed the moment they are safely beyond the maternal range of vision. Yet, while the charm of these stories for little children lies in the endowing of familiar animals with the traits of boys and girls, these fascinating bunnies and mice and ducks and froggies of Beatrix Potter are perfectly true pictures, the touch of drollery, of naughtiness, of gloom after spanking and bed, in no way distorting a child's idea of the real animals.

We will, then, like the children, "make believe" we are standing at the picture book counter. Let us first examine a number of books, bearing on their title-pages the names of clever artists and the imprint of reputable publishers, which follow the lines of the colored supplement. Here is a book about a kite's career through space, with a small boy attached to its tail. On one page a mooning poet sitting by the riverside is overturned by the kite, cast into the stream, and drowned. In another a philosopher who has unwittingly seated himself near a hornets' nest which the kite breaks open in passing is rudely driven from his peaceful retreat

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and returns to society with head swollen and smarting from stings.

Another book relates the adventures of a never-tiring bullet that bursts a tank of scalding water and frightens Bridget; that blows up an automobile and scatters its occupants along the roadside; that severs the rope of a swing, dropping the child passenger to the ground, the end of that bullet's career being reached only when it is flattened in Mrs. Newly-Wed's cake. A third book gives a "humorous" history of the monarchs of England—William the Conqueror "landing" on his head in the mud; Richard the Lion-Hearted thrusting a frowsy head out of the window as he hears the song of languishing Blondel; the Black Prince with grinning countenance and body pierced by arrows projecting at various angles from his person.

I do not believe more examples are necessary. These are types of a large and growing class indicating the conception of the maker of picture books for children to be that their chief, their only end in fact, is to arouse a laugh. Never mind who or what is hurt in feelings or body; do not care if all the virtues we hope to see grow with their growth in our children are jeered at; think it no small matter that we substitute in a child's dream gallery, for the gallant figure of the Black Prince, a grinning image, for the romantic stories of faithfulness of vassal to his lord, of the loyalty of a king through hardship and self-denial to the interests of his harassed people, pictures in hideous purples and yellows that can never be effaced—do not for a minute mind things of this sort, provided only the children are *amused.*

Having rejected the distinctly hurtful picture books, we notice those with neither vicious characteristics to condemn nor positive merits to commend. There are tons of this sort—tame, lifeless, wooden both in matter and execution. I can better illustrate their lack of meat later in pointing out the books which offer a striking contrast to them.

Next we find many studies of children charmingly drawn, which are a snare to mothers who dote on the bare knees and dimples, the wistful eyes and lovely curves of the babies portrayed. There is no question of vulgarity in subject or art here, but there *is* of a live child's long-continued interest in such pictures. Place beside them a book of soldiers or ships or trains, and see what happens. And aren't we glad that children are interested in a life bigger than their own?—for that is what their choice means. A bad feature of modern social work is the inevitable exploitation of the children philanthropists are trying to help. Last spring a photographer took some pictures, wanted for the Child Welfare Exhibit, of our library children's rooms. We tried to manage in the quietest way, but the minute the children saw us they smelled camera, and every youngster except the littlest tried to squeeze in so that his likeness would be recognizable in the print, which (as we found) he expected would appear in the next Sunday's newspaper. It is a pity we cannot give playgrounds and healthful homes to children without making copy, which they will themselves read, of our little ones; but between the photographs in public places from which the originals of the pictures are not excluded, and the beautiful magazine studies of the nursery darlings of the well-to-do, whose women folk admire the pictures in the children's presence, it is small wonder that American children, rich and poor alike, lose something of that most charming of childish graces, un-selfconsciousness.

We should pity the householder who pitied us for boasting a single Shakespeare on our shelves while he could show us a room lined with "Molly Bawns" and "St. Elmos." Even in the purchase of material things we often decide that it is false economy to buy six cheap articles instead of one good costly one. When we carry this good sense into the purchase of books for children, our own artists and publishers may be encouraged to take the risk of trying to bring America up to foreign countries in the field of picture books. The price in America of Boutet de Monvel's "Joan of Arc" is three dollars, net; but, if I had to let the youngsters go barefooted in summer, they should own it; and, possessing no other picture book, they would be rich children.

Consider first the possibilities in the subject the artist has taken—for in making pictures for children we must "con-

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sider first the subject." I do not myself know the rudiments of art, but I have gathered that it does not make much difference to the art critic whether a painter chooses a dead body or an uncouth peasant, an inscrutable smile or a sunset, for his canvas, provided his genius can make one see in very reality the thing he pictures. De Monvel knew the power of an ideal to stir young hearts, so he chose to tell the story of the Maid who dreamed dreams and saw visions; who knew not to count the cost when heavenly voices told her to exchange her peaceful flock for the perils of the battlefield; who was as gloriously unpractical as a child whose noble impulses have not been choked by learning that one should reckon all values in dollars and cents. The artist felt, too, the appeal of the romance, the color, the pomp of ceremonial in palace and cathedral, the mysticism, the youthfulness of the Middle Ages, to young people of all time. It was not his purpose to illustrate a text-book of history nor to make a book of costume, yet he has given our children an accurate and vivid background for their whole study of the period, in the dress of noble and soldier and peasant, in the banners and trappings and heraldic devices of chivalry, in the frowning walls and quaint market-places of old cities, in the religious processions, the implements of war, and, alas! the way the Middle Ages punished those who dared provoke the jealous hatred of powerful enemies.

The artist's method is equally a model for all makers of picture books for children. His use of strong, clear outlines, simplicity of coloring, and much definite detail which never has the effect of confusing the main thought of a picture, these are characteristics I have found of universal appeal to children.

Of course I have instanced the best and costliest, but, really, aren't children worth it? Even these grubby little nuisances who interfere with our ease, who soil and smash and walk roughshod into our every cherished plan and possession—of such as these came those who have most helped us to make life worth while.

Although the "Joan of Arc" stands in a class by itself, it does not stand alone as a picture book delightful to children and adults. Randolph Caldecott's drawings are (with a few exceptions) as perfect in their way. He has chosen the popular rhyming stories of "The House that Jack Built," "John Gilpin," "Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?" etc., thus appealing at once to the children's natural and wholesome liking for action and humor and rhythm. With these for his subjects he gives our children the England they will one day love better for the memory of his thatched cottages and quaint inns, his crooked little cobble-paved village streets, his smocked farmers and stiles and fox-hunting squires. There are grace and delicacy of coloring, spirit and humor in every line.

"Johnny Crow's Garden," by Leslie Brooke, is one of the most successful "funny books" we can buy for little folks. Beginning with the promising first picture, underneath which we read that

"Johnny Crow
Would dig and sow,"

our curiosity is whetted to turn over to the next page, where we learn that Master Johnny persevered

"Till he made a little garden."

Then, accumulating interest because each picture, while it tells much, promises more, we read under a ludicrously vain likeness of the animal in question:

"And the lion"

(keen suspense as the leaf refuses to turn quickly)

"Had a green and yellow tie on."

And so on about the Stork who gave a philosophic talk, the Whale who told such a very long tale that all his wilted victims save polite Johnny Crow slunk away before the end, and then about the Goose who—well, words failed when it came to describing the fat and silly creature who deliberately squatted on the grass-plot although plainly and politely besought by the sign to "Please keep off the grass"—under the two pictures of the goose we read:

"And the goose—well,
. . . . . .
The goose *was* a goose."

I must dismiss with a word Walter Crane's beautiful and imaginative—though to children somewhat confusing—draw-

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ings so well suited to the old ballads and folk tales he has chosen to illustrate; Kate Greenaway's quaint and charming little maids in their lovely English setting; the Beatrix Potter books alluded to above; others of Boutet de Monvel, and a most satisfying book called "Four and Twenty Toilers," done by an Englishman, F. D. Bedford.

Having thus far been obliged to go to foreign countries for examples of the best picture books for children, it is a happy opportunity now to notice an American book brought out only this fall, which comes nearer to satisfying our ideals of what a child's picture book should be than anything heretofore done by an American artist. This is "The Farm Book," by E. Boyd Smith. The story, told in a dozen large color prints and many charming black and white sketches, is of the visit of Bob and Betty to their Uncle John's New England farm. Told with the particularity of detail always fascinating to children, and with a cleverness of drawing and composition equally delighting the critic, the children see farm life on its joyous side, with almost the vividness of actual participation in its work and play. The two little people from the city—who, perhaps, have known only of the farmer as the grotesque "Hayseed" of the comic; who have missed the training of doing things for themselves because in the artificial life of the city the apparatus of living obscures the connection between the producer and the town dweller, who gets his milk in bottles, his heat by turning on a valve, his light by touching a button—these children of landscape-gardened parks and paved courts and nurse-guarded walks are turned loose in the country of limitless sky and play-space, where the best play is to help in the real work of raking hay and churning butter and carrying bags of grain to the mill; where, too, they gain a new respect for the dignity and beauty of productive work, which will save them from ever acquiring that absurd sense of superiority which the city dweller, absolutely dependent as he is on the farmer for his very life, so unaccountably takes to himself.

The motive in this book is absolutely perfect, yet no psychological theories obtrude, as in scores of to-day's juveniles contracted for by educational publishing companies, to the destroying of the per-

A FEW GOOD PICTURE BOOKS

Boutet de Monvel	Chansons de France (French text)	Plon	$2.35
	Joan of Arc	Century	3.00 net
	Fables of La Fontaine	S. P. C. K.	2.00
Brooke	Johnny Crow's Garden	Warne	1.00 net
	Johnny Crow's Party	Warne	1.00 net
	Golden Goose Book	Warne	2.00 net
Caldecott	Picture Book (quarto edition)	Warne	1.25
	Picture Book No 2 "	Warne	1.25
	Hey Diddle Diddle Picture Book "	Warne	1.25
	Panjandrum Picture Book "	Warne	1.25
Crane	Baby's Own Æsop	Warne	1.50
	Baby's Bouquet	Warne	1.50
Greenaway	Marigold Garden	Warne	1.50 net
	Under the Window	Warne	1.50 net
Guigou & Vimar.	L'Illustré dompteur (French text)	Plon	2.35
Lucas & Bedford.	Four and Twenty Toilers	Dalton	
Potter	Tale of Peter Rabbit	Warne	.50
	Tale of Benjamin Bunny	Warne	.50
	Tale of Jemima Puddleduck	Warne	.50
	Tale of Mr. Jeremy Fisher	Warne	.50
	Tale of Squirrel Nutkin	Warne	.50
	Tale of Tom Kitten	Warne	.50
Smith	The Farm Book	Houghton	1.50 net
	The Chicken World	Putnam	2.00 net
	Story of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith	Houghton	2.50 net

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fect spontaneity and naturalness of the life depicted. Apparently the artist's only purpose is to give pleasure—and one imagines the fun he must have had himself making the pictures! Yet in his result educators will find a right conception of the child's interest in things beyond his childish day, the life of the man he is every hour growing up to; mothers will rejoice in a story in which children are not the self-conscious centers of the stage but live in happy association with elders who are wiser and stronger than they and who are their dear and sympathetic companions; social workers wishing children to feel the interdependence of rich and poor, the worker with muscle and the worker who plans, far-seeing Americans who deprecate the tendency to look down upon honest hand-work, country people who resent the ignorant ridicule heaped upon them by newspaper supplements and cheap theaters of the city—all will find intense satisfaction in this book. I can only hope that American parents will give such substantial evidence of their appreciation of this work of an American artist that he and others may be encouraged to continue in the good cause, finding no occasion for the remark I once heard from an artist, "It's of no use for a man to put good work into a juvenile. He'd starve if he did. American parents will only buy 'funny things,' that won't cost them more than a quarter."

Many articles have been written on the illustration of children's books. They are, as a rule, chiefly concerned with the art side of the subject rather than the child side. If it seems that one who knows less of the old masters than most grammar school pupils to-day is showing an immense amount of "cheek" to venture to discuss any phase of a subject so great that she can only worship it from afar, my apology must be my belief that children are more important than schools; that to put their best into a book for children is as worthy an artist as it is of a Charles Lamb, a Hawthorne, or a Kipling. If we find that one method of picture-making better serves to attract the little ones than another, that a picture need not be less beautiful in color and line for being rich in story and suggestion—if even an ignoramus in art but a lover of children lifts up her voice to say some of these things about picture books, we believe that other child lovers will forgive the presumption for the children's sake.

THANKSGIVING

BY MARY BALDWIN

Our God, we come to thee to-day
To thank thee for thy hidden way,
For hurt obscure, for vision blind,
For problem dazing soul and mind,
For obstacles before our feet,
For weariness, fatigue, defeat—
These are thy tools, divinely sent.
Oh, Thou, all-wise, omnipotent,
Through these we guess the silent call,
We read thy writing on the wall;
Thou sendest night of black despair,
But, lo! thy living stars are there.
Grant us all life; its breadth, its length,
And sanctuary in thy strength.

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The Shepherds' Song

By the Right Rev. C. W. Stubbs, D.D., Lord Bishop of Truro

Music by T. Tertius Noble, Organist and Master of the Choir, York Minster

I

Shepherds five in a ring,
Ave Jesu ! we sing,
Of a marvelous thing,
Of a babe crownèd King.
For aloft in the height
On this same ender night
Choiring angels abrayde,
Singing, "Be not afraid,
For to you be it known
That He comes to His own,
Bringing peace upon earth
And good will by His birth,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
On Christmas Day in the morning."

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cres.
f
mar - vel-lous thing Of a babe crowned king. For a - loft in the height Of this
same en - der night Choiring an-gels a-brayde Singing "Be not a - fraid, For to
p
you be it known That He comes to His own, Bringing peace upon earth And good
p
Senza Ped.

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II

Oh the moon it shone bright
And the stars were alight,
And a chorus of sound
Made the welkin resound,
And our sheep stood agaze,
For the hills were ablaze
With a glory of light
Like the sun at midnight.
And we said, "Let us go
Unto Bethlehem now
For to see if 'tis so
As the angels did vow,
On Christmas Day," etc.

III

And indeed there He lay
In a crib full of hay,
With the ox and the ass,
Sorry courtiers, alas!
But the King had for throne
Mother's dear lap alone,
And for royal array
The blue robe of Maid May.
So let's fall on our knees,
If it so be you please,
For to worship our King
And His praises to sing,
On Christmas Day, etc.

Lis Escop, Truro

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THE NEW BOOKS

Some of us have never needed a Dickens revival. We have all along been Dickens revivalists. We have all along felt that no one ever wrote or ever would write like Dickens. To us Pickwick and Sam Weller, Mr. Boffin and Silas Wegg, have been just as real as the people we see every day. To us the deaths of Little Nell and Paul Dombey have ever "struck home" as have no similar scenes. To us Dickens's scathing exposure of oppression—a form of oppresson now happily belonging only to the past—revealed the weaknesses of English society more graphically than they have been revealed by other writers. Some of us, indeed, have felt that Dickens's one entry into the field of historical romance writing produced in "A Tale of Two Cities" a historical novel worthy to stand alongside "Quentin Durward" or "Henry Esmond" or "I Promessi Sposi." But it must be admitted that in our period of latter-day realism, when the Dickens type of realism seems to have become a bit antiquated, many men's minds have been turned away to what has been called the "School of Strict Veracity." Now, too much emphasis cannot be placed upon such a school. In comparison with the efforts therein of certain writers, Dickens, admittedly at times extravagant and even theatrical, suffers by comparison. But to go to an extreme, as some do, and feel that Dickens had not the sincerity of purpose of the writers of to-day is surely to make a mistake. No one can absorb the Dickens novels without a feeling of entire willingness to take the extravagance along with the simpler and more normal expressions of simple and normal emotions. Whatever their demerits, Dickens has been able to diffuse throughout most of his books that wonderful thing called *atmosphere*, a quality not always met with in books of to-day, conscientiously produced as many of them are. Whatever his shortcomings both of character and career, Dickens had the triumphant quality of sympathy, and it is sympathy that the world has always needed and always will need. The proof of it lies in the present so-called "Dickens revival," not only among students of literature, but among the reading public at large. Hence Mabel S. C. Smith's "Studies in Dickens" is specially welcome. The selections included in the volume show both the public and the private life of the novelist, while from the enormous mass of writings about Dickens Mrs. Smith has selected a comprehensive compilation. Surely it is of interest to those who have read and re-read "David Copperfield" and "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Our Mutual Friend" to know what certain critics think about them and about their author—critics like Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Andrew Lang, and Mr. Gissing, for instance. The comment of these and many other critics is included in this small, compact, yet clearly printed volume, just the thing to slip into the pocket for pleasant reading during a journey, and just the thing to place alongside one's well-worn edition of Dickens. (The Chautauqua Press, Chautauqua, New York. $1.25.)

Dr. Oliver Huckel has been of service to students of music and of literature in retelling in English verse the story of Wagner's music dramas. Certainly Wagner's stories need retelling in English, for the English librettos of the Wagner operas sold in this country offer an inadequate and confusing translation of the text. "Siegfried" is perhaps the most popular of all the Wagner music dramas, so Dr. Huckel's well-printed "Siegfried" should have a proportionate welcome. As in his previous books, the translator, it is evident, has aimed to transfuse the very spirit of Wagner's thought, not by a mere translation, but by a poetic paraphrase in spirited blank verse. Certainly the translation has a life and color not even belonging to the German text of the opera as we hear it. Wagner's version of "The Nibelungen Ring" was originally published merely as a poem. The music was not composed until a later period, and, when it was, the entire poem was not covered. Moreover, Wagner's poem was taken quite as much from old Norse as from German myths. Indeed, its principal source was that Scandinavian epic, a principal feature of the old Icelandic literature, the Volsunga Saga. Lesser parts of the story were taken from the Norse Eddas. Hence Wagner's poem bears only a certain resemblance to the ancient German Nibelungenlied. Dr. Huckel's interesting introductory essay will surely inspire students of literature and of music towards further study. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 75c.)

Many years ago the present writer found in the law office of a friend who cared nothing for Christian missions a copy of the "Missionary Herald." A remark of pleased surprise brought out the reply that it supplied valuable information about little-known lands. Even such readers will find in a volume upon "The Decisive Hour of Christian Missions" much that is worth learning about countries now of peculiar interest to thoughtful Americans. Here Mr. John R. Mott, President of the Student Volunteer Movement, which within twenty years has sent six thousand workers into the foreign missionary field, sketches and comments upon the ferment and upheaval among Eastern peoples caused by the slowly working leaven of Western civilization and religion, which now invites the Christian churches to embrace the opportunity of its plastic hour. Mr. Mott was a conspicuous leader in the recent Ecumenical Missionary Conference at Edinburgh. His survey of the blended promise and menace of present conditions in

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non-Christian lands, of the rising spiritual tide, and of the barriers rising to oppose it, is statesmanlike in its view of the possibilities of a history now in the making. A strategic appreciation vividly points out the present weaknesses and defects of the missionary campaign, and the betterments required by judicious generalship both in the foreign field and at the home base. It is pointed out that in the nature of the case foreigners cannot evangelize a foreign *people*. The foreign missionary's problem is to make native missionaries, as is now beginning to be done with signal success. But for the necessary teaching and training of these a host of leaders is now the urgent demand of a decisive hour. For the supply of these, the first, but not the sole, responsibility is laid at the door of the Christian ministry at the home base. (Student Volunteer Movement, New York. $1.)

From the author of "The Tragedies of the Medici," Mr. Edgcumbe Staley, one has a right to expect the picturesque description comprised in the well-printed and well-illustrated book under the title "The Dogaressas of Venice." Nor, in general, will one be disappointed, even if he think the description at times a bit too vivid and the language too rhetorical. In the election of a Doge the personality of his spouse often had considerable weight in the decision of the Lords of the Council. But to most of us these wives of the Doges have been shadowy and unreal personages. If we do not read other languages than English, the Dogaressas have certainly been unknown, because their story has not hitherto been told in English—that is, unless one counts references made in such comprehensive works as Mr. Hazlitt's "Venetian Republics" or in the English translation of Molmenti's history. It is high time that it was told, and the Dogaressas might feel pleased to think that they can be exploited by so graphic a story-teller. While Mr. Staley's book is a contribution to history, it is especially a contribution to our knowledge of Venetian manners and customs. It is also a contribution to our knowledge of Venetian arts and crafts, for certain trade guilds were directly under the patronage of the Dogaressas. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.50.)

"In the Kaiser's Capital" has a peculiar distinction. Though Dr. J. F. Dickie, its author, does not mention the fact, the book is the first which William II has permitted to be dedicated to him. Dr. Dickie gives us an intimate portrait of the Emperor, whom he knows well, and has translated and here printed one of the monarch's many sermons delivered at sea. With a startling and sometimes unnecessary amount of anecdote, the capital is also described from the standpoint of one who has lived there for years. As a shrewd observer Dr. Dickie emphasizes not so much Berlin the town as the life lived in the town. Particular attention should be drawn to the pages in which American girls are informed of the proprieties to be observed. The fact that a certain free-and-easy etiquette obtains in America is no reason why naïve young women should try to impose it upon Germany—much as one may deplore the unchivalrous attitude of too many men in the Fatherland towards the other sex. The book is not so remarkable, however, because of what it tells us concerning Berlin life in general as because of what it tells us about particular Berliners—Frommel, Stoecker, Pfleiderer, Harnack, Mommsen, Curtius, Grimm, Virchow, Menzel, Joachim. The characterizations of these men are extremely interesting, and will awaken many a memory among those who have known them or who have studied under them. Sometimes the author uses the German first name, "Ernst," for instance, sometimes the English, "Theodore," for example; he uses the German "Hermann," however, for Professor Grimm, who himself, strangely enough, used the English "Herman." Following these vivacious and readable sketches comes one of Frau Dr. Hempel, the beloved teacher of the German language and literature to hundreds of Americans in Berlin. Her lamented death has now taken from the capital its chief attraction to those Americans. They will, of course, wish to own the present volume, comprising, as it does, not only an appreciation by Dr. Dickie, but also the outline of "Frau Dr.'s" (there was never any but one "Frau Dr." to her pupils) long and delightful lecture on Old Berlin. A strong personality shines from the pages of this lecture. Meta Hempel was indeed, as Dr. Dickie says, in a class of her own. "Of all the teachers of German in Berlin, no man or woman could be named beside her," he justly declares. Certainly her eager, earnest longing to impart the genius of a great language and a great literature has broadened and bettered many a life. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.)

The recent change of rulers in Persia and the startling progress made in popular government in that country call attention to certain features of life there. These have been well emphasized by Professor Jackson and others who have recently written on the subject, and are also the subjects of possibly more popular writing, such as we have had from the author of "Through Persia on a Side-Saddle," Ella C. Sykes. Mrs. Sykes has now supplemented that volume by one on "Persia and Its People," in which we have a very up-to-date narrative, as may be gathered from the frontispiece, a portrait of the new little Shah. The author has a woman's keen, incisive observation, and her description, while first-hand and comprehensive, is also concise and vivacious. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.)

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